# The Guardian Weekly

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The Washington Post · Le Monde


# Israel agrees to quit West Bank

Derek Brown in Jerusalem

AFTER 28 years under Israeli control, the Palestinians of the West Bank are to be given the right and the means to rule themselves.

Starting early this month, Israeli forces will begin to evacuate the West Bank cities conquered in 1967, handing over both civil and security powers to the Palestinian Authority, led by the Palestine Liberation Organisation. The pull-out will lead to the first Palestinian elections and, effectively, to a new partition of the Holy Land.

The momentous agreement on self-rule was reached at the weekend after gruelling negotiations between Israel and the PLO in Taba, Egypt.

The United States president, Bill Clinton, said the deal was a triumph over the "enemies of peace". He added: "It's a big step forward toward ending a long, long state of siege in the Middle East."

The deal was instantly and predictably attacked by opponents on both sides. Radical Palestinian groups, including the Democratic Front and the Popular Front, condemned it as "a disaster" and accused the PLO of selling out.

Islamist factions made no immediate pronouncement, but Israel — evidently anticipating problems — sealed its borders with the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

Israeli rightwingers were also deeply unhappy, with the opposition Likud faction claiming that the government had been determined to sign the deal at any cost. Eliahu Ben-Elissar, Likud MP, called it "a black day in the history of Israel".

For nearly two years, Israel and the PLO have battled to give substance to their 1993 peace accord. But, after Israeli withdrawal from parts of the Gaza Strip and from the tiny West Bank enclave of Jericho, the talks became bogged down in recrimination and violent opposition from militants on both sides.

The breakthrough came after nine days of talks between the PLO chairman, Yasser Arafat, and Israel's foreign minister, Shimon Peres.

Mr Peres called the agreement "history in the real meaning of the word. It is a tremendous attempt to bring people that were born in the same cradle and who were fighting on the same fronts, to agree on a new future."

Israel's prime minister, Yitzhak Rabin, summed up less emotionally. He said his government's aim was to see in the former British mandate territory of Palestine a Jewish state with a united Jerusalem as its capital, without the 2.2 million Arabs of the occupied territories.

"We don't want to rule them," Mr Rabin said. "Therefore, next to Israel, in coexistence and peace, there will be a Palestinian entity in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip."

But Mr Rabin made clear that Israel will not return to the former border of 1967, before the Six Day War and the conquest of the West Bank and Gaza.

Mr Arafat and the PLO were equally adamant that the Taba agreement would inevitably lead to a Palestinian sovereign state. "The dawn of freedom is coming," the PLO chairman said.


**Open wound, page 5**
**Comment, page 12**


Rocks as bigs as cars were thrown over the rim of Mount Ruapehu on New Zealand's North Island on Monday during a volcanic eruption that spewed clouds of ash and steam 12 miles high into the atmosphere and caused rivers of hot mud to gush out PHOTOGRAPH: ARTHUR PENGELLY

# Fury over Patten's HK immigration plea

Andrew Higgins in Hong Kong and Rebecca Smithers

SAVAGED at home by former Conservative Party colleagues, Chris Patten came under fierce attack on Monday from China, which accused him of "openly tearing up" the 1984 treaty under which Britain hands over Hong Kong in 92 weeks time.

The ire of China's Communist Party, like that of Britain's Tories, was caused by the Hong Kong governor's demand that more than 3 million residents of the colony should be allowed to live in Britain.

Mr Patten showed no sign of backing away. He has often endured Chinese polemics but never has he had to face simultaneous attacks on two fronts.

The Home Secretary, Michael Howard, firmly ruled out the prospect of giving 3 million Hong Kong Chinese the right to live in Britain, as senior Tories and the Opposition united to condemn as unacceptable and impractical the plan put forward by Mr Patten.

Mr Howard insisted that the Government had no plans to backtrack on its agreed policy of limiting the number of Hong Kong Chinese immigrants to 50,000.

He had moved swiftly to reject the controversial proposal by Mr Patten, a former Conservative Party chairman, that holders of British Dependent Territory Citizen passports should be allowed to settle in Britain.

Mr Patten made the suggestion on Saturday during a BBC radio programme, recorded in Hong Kong.

Senior Tories suggested privately that the proposal had been raised by Mr Patten knowing that it was a non-starter, "in an attempt to ingratiate himself with the Hong Kong community".

In a highly unusual move, Labour moved swiftly to give its backing to Mr Howard and said it had no plans to reverse the Government's immigration policy.

**Hong Kong row, page 10**

# Hindu gods milk the faithful

Edward Pilkington, and Suzanne Goldenburg in New Delhi

A WAVE of religious fervour sweeping through Hindu communities in India and around the world swamped Britain last week when Asian communities were gripped with miraculous milk drinking fever.

Temples in London, Birmingham, Leicester and Leeds were inundated by thousands of devotees jostling to witness the miraculous consumption of milk by idols of the Hindu God of destruction, Shiva. An upsurge in piety also affected Asian communities in America, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Thailand, and throughout the Indian subcontinent.

Some of the most dramatic displays of religious passion in Britain took place at the Vishwa Hindu temple in Southall, west London. From before dawn, crowds of worshippers besieged the temple in the hope of offering milk to the statue of a bull that was said to have started drinking.

The belief that a veritable miracle had occurred — rather than a mass delusion — prompted both atheists and believers to struggle to find an explanation. A team of government scientists was dispatched to temples around India. They put the phenomenon down to elementary physics. "As soon as milk comes in contact with the marble surface of statues, it spreads quickly and appears as if it were disappearing," a spokesman said.

Even some priests were sceptical. "*Backwaas* [rubbish]," said the head priest at Delhi's central Hanuman Mandir temple, where over-zealous devotees were limited to one spoonful each. "What a waste. Many of our children do not even get a drop of milk to drink yet does that move us? No."





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# US usurps UN role as peacemaker in Balkans

*ONE GRATEFULLY* welcomes the respite from killings and other inbred savageries in the Balkans brought about by the unstinted efforts of United States diplomats, several of whom lost their lives in the process. It is true that they have helped knit together the longer conciliation attempts by United Nations, the European Union and Nato.

Yet the fact remains that US rather than UN diplomacy is, for the moment, in the driving seat; one asks if that should happen in the 50th year of a UN designed to co-ordinate and lead the international will and machinery for world peace?

It is an essential, awkward, but not new question. From 1945, when the UN began, I was part of the central office of the first three secretaries-general and involved in peace measures at the intended centre. The Korean war, justified in cold war terms, was described as a UN operation, yet was not. It involved brave men from many countries under a UN flag, but operations were directed by the Pentagon. The desert war against Saddam Hussein was much the same: a UN flag but Washington control.

Such welcome victories hide a dangerous truth. They are led by the dominant world power, a nation. That is not what the architects of the UN set in its charter, hence the veto, whose "blocking tackle" can be evaded by dominant nations, but thereby risking future world peace.

For the years in which Dag Hammerskjold was UN secretary-general — 1953-61 — I was an aide going with him to many crises then happening: Suez, the Middle East, and Congo. He, in his UN capacity, found solutions to them all, not in his name but in that of the international consortium he represented. At the peak of his success the world press wrote: "Let Dag do it." He found that repugnant because his method had been to put all the cards on the table, remind member states of their obligation to respect the UN Charter which they had signed and to allow ventilation of their public responses to settle the issues internationally.

That is a responsibility of a UN secretary-general and not of diplomats from any one major power, particularly one that is domestically and congressionally riven with regard to its national support for the United Nations.

*George Ivan Smith,*
*Stroud, Gloucestershire*

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*FOLLOWING* the letter (September 24) from members of the Serb Civic Council, we three members of the Croat People's Council of Bosnia-Herzegovina, visiting London with them, would like to inform your readers that we view what was "achieved" in Geneva on September 8 with bitter indignation.

The "Accord on Principles for Bosnia-Herzegovina", which was agreed between the foreign ministers of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia and the so-called Yugoslavia, in a politically scandalous and morally unacceptable manner rewards the aggression by Belgrade and Pale against our country, and accepts the results of the expulsions, ethnic cleansing, crimes and genocide inflicted upon our peoples.

For it accepts a partition of our country confirming the "entity" created by such means — the "Republika Srpska" — and grants the right to develop "parallel special relations with neighbouring countries". We once more warn, as we have frequently done in the past, of the invalidity of all such ethnic-territorial divisions of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

Based upon the recognition of force and crimes, such "solutions" inevitably lead in the direction of new cycles of chaos, blood, violence and war, and the definitive disappearance of the state of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

*Stjepan Kljuic, Ivo Komsic, Ivan Lovrenovic,*
*London*



## Sorry, but I must apologise

*I AM A* teacher living in Kanazawa, Japan. Several times last week I had to apologise for the behaviour of three uniformed representatives of my country. I am sick of always feeling the need to apologise for the brutality of the United States.

Martin Walker mentioned that presidential hopefuls Pat Buchanan and Senator Bob Dole don't like the fact that liberals feel the need to apologise for the behaviour of the United States (September 17). It is so easy for certain leaders to dismiss the "intellectual élites who seem embarrassed by America".

When I have to look at a classroom full of mothers and teach them about American "values and greatness", I cannot help but apologise for the cruelty that seems to flow from every corner of the United States.

It seems that US citizens are blessed with short memories, otherwise, how could we allow all the terrible things that happen to our country to go by without becoming outraged and doing something about them. I have learned from the Japanese that one member of a group can spoil the fun for everyone. The three soldiers (dare I call them that) have made life more difficult for other US citizens living in Japan.

For those who do not have to interact with Japanese people everyday, I doubt that much thought is given to the situation. By next week some other US-borne tragedy will occupy the headlines.

Just two weeks ago the Okinawans were busy, along with the rest of the world, hating the French for testing nuclear weapons in the Pacific. Now, while most everyone else still harbours hatred for the French government, the people of Okinawa want the US military removed.

This rape of a 6th grader, allegedly by three US soldiers, is not an isolated case of violence in Okinawa. More than 4,000 acts of violence by American servicemen in Okinawa have occurred in the last five years. That is far beyond the norm for the rest of Japan.

What good is the protection American forces offer if they continue to contaminate the ground they live on?

*Michael Wilker,*
*Kanazawa, Japan*

Washington Post, page 19

## Racist spectre in the running

*SIR ROGER BANNISTER* (Black athletes have 'something special', September 24) may speculate all he likes on the physiology of black athletes, but in 15 years of teaching the sociology of sport I know of no study which concludes that sporting prowess is determined solely — or even primarily — by genetic factors.

Were this to be the case, there would be little point in holding figure-skating pairs' competitions (the Russians clearly have better ankle joints) or indeed certain swimming events (the Australians are obviously more buoyant). That one of Britain's most respected sportsmen — and a scientist — should fall prey to an idea of dubious provenance is perplexing and disturbing.

*(Prof) Richard Edwards,*
*Department of Sociology,*
*Pine Manor College, Chestnut Hill,*
*Maryland, USA*

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*IN ATHLETICS,* the people who really did have an advantage were the Bannisters of this world who, as a relatively leisured social élite, in their day possessed time for training during student life in the "older universities". Bannister's views reflect the English need to explain success by anyone with black skin by drawing on natural and genetic factors. In his comments lies the spectre of racism.

*John Bale,*
*Keele University, Staffordshire*

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*ONE* wonders what Sir Roger Bannister makes of other examples of black over-representation, such as unemployment statistics and the jails. And what is his analysis of the boards and executive management of the major institutions, BA, BT, Barclays, the political parties — that there is something special about white middle-class men?

*David Robertson,*
*London*

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*SO,* when black youngsters are encouraged to join the school athletics team, rather than aim for university entrance, their white teachers must already know these "scientific" facts about innate physical advantage. The idea that they are falling into a centuries-old western racism, which bestows physicality rather than rationality upon black people, must have nothing to do with it.

*Errol Francis,*
*London*

## Preparation for Irish peace

*BRITAIN'S* insistence that IRA decommissioning of weapons is a precondition of broader peace talks is an insurmountable obstacle that misses the real issue at stake.

For the IRA, decommissioning at this point, and on British terms, is seen as an admission of being a terrorist organisation. The IRA considers itself a legitimate liberation force with a legitimate right to weapons. This will never change, and the British government needs to recognise this fact.

The real issue that is being ignored is that once peace does come there is the gravest of dangers that the weapons currently in IRA and loyalist possession will filter down to criminal elements with a devastating effect on law and order.

Therefore, decommissioning should be seen as a preparation for peace and the undeniable concern of all parties and citizens, rather than as a condition for peace talks.

*Iljas Baker,*
*Nakhon Pathom, Thailand*

## Briefly

*MARTIN GILBERT* (Septemb[er] 24) is quite right that Alber[t] Speer was "perpetually evasive". That is why my book is entitled Albert Speer, His Battle With Truth, and why I waged this battle with him, when I confronted him with every one of his wrong-doing which I knew about. I questioned him, quite pitilessly I think, about others which he himself told me about.

Until Speer's death in 1981 my background information for my conversation with him came mainly from his own writings and those of others about him. I only began to learn more as Speer told me more — both truth and lies. Nearly every one of the examples for which Mr Gilbert chides me for not challeng[ing] Speer came to light only during research, either into documents or from other witnesses, which became available only after his death.

*Gitta Sereny,*
*London*

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*DEREK MALCOLM'S* revie[w] (September 17) of Mel Gibson's Braveheart is right on details but misses the message. The film is not merely a "star-driven epic that skirts around elements of 14th century truth in favour of arrant romanticism". Think again, Mr Malcolm.

North of Carter Bar, the film should be seen as a political tract for Scottish independence. It's the multi-media version of the Declaration of Arbroath: "It is in truth not for glory nor riches, nor honours that we are fighting, but for freedom..."

While I don't expect that Scots are going to take their claymores out of the thatch upon seeing Braveheart, I suspect that none has a heart so dead as to not fantasise about bleeding with Wallace and with the devolution debate being re-played, more than a few will decide that "Now's the hour".

*Ed Margerum,*
*Salem, Massachusetts, USA*

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*THE* publication of the Un[a]bomber's demented views by the doyens of the American press is hardly a dangerous precedent. Some 25 years ago, the Guardian was happy to hand over several of its pages to a manifesto from a Latin American guerrilla group that had grown rich from the kidnapping of foreign businessmen. But, of course, the insertion was paid for, proving the old adage that comment is free but advertisements are sacred.

*Richard Gott,*
*London*

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*WHY DID* the Golden Delicious (September 24) fail to rot? It was a French apple: ant, slug, wasp and blackbird have all joined the boycott.

*Ursula E K Light,*
*Ashford, Kent*

*The* **Guardian Weekly**

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Letters to the Editor and other editorial correspondence to: The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3HQ. Fax: 44-171-242-0985 (UK: 0171-242 0985) e-mail: weekly@guardian.co.uk.







Lying low . . . Croatian soldiers shelter on the collapsed roadbed of a destroyed bridge over the River Una at the Croatian and Bosnian border PHOTOGRAPH: NIKOLA CUTUK

# Sarajevo drops talks boycott

**Guardian Reporters**

THE Bosnian government bowed to pressure from the United States on Monday and agreed to peace talks in New York with Serbia and Croatia, while claiming it had won a fresh US commitment to a single, sovereign state that sets back Serbian secessionist aims.

After a hastily arranged meeting in Sarajevo with US envoys, the Bosnian prime minister, Haris Silajdzic, said talks set to begin this week between the foreign ministers would go ahead. At the weekend, the Bosnian president, Alija Izetbegovic, had ordered his foreign minister to stay away because of alleged redrafting by the Serbs of the negotiating framework.

Monday's meeting in Sarajevo resulted in a document reaffirming the existence of Bosnia-Herzegovina as a single state with international legal personality, Mr Silajdzic said.

In New York, Warren Christopher, the US secretary of state, said the preliminary talks between the three foreign ministers had been "promising" and that they would now look at the "connective tissue" between the two entities spelled out in last month's Geneva agreement. "We have hopes . . . but there's a lot of hard negotiating to do," he said.

Mr Christopher made clear the US would oppose any attempt by the Serbs to have a right to secede from the Bosnian state.

The US and United Nations had been hoping the New York talks would lead to a ceasefire after three weeks of offensives by Bosnian and Croatian forces. But Mr Silajdzic dismissed any talk of a truce now that the war has swung in the Bosnians' favour.

In Moscow, the Russian defence minister, Pavel Grachev, announced that President Boris Yeltsin is to propose a joint Nato-Russian peacekeeping force, commanded in rotation by a western and Russian general, to implement a settlement in Bosnia.

At the weekend, the combined Bosnian-Croat offensive — which has seized huge swaths of territory from the Serbs in north-west and central Bosnia — spread to the north-east. Bosnian and Croatian forces targeted the Serb's lifeline, the north Bosnian corridor by the river Sava which connects Serbia proper to Banja Luka, the most important Serb-held city.

Both the Serbs and the Bosnian government accused each other of launching pre-dawn attacks around the Serb-held town of Brcko, the most vulnerable point of the supply corridor and the most heavily fortified in Bosnia.

The Bosnians and the Croats have been advancing on Banja Luka from the west and south. If they succeed in severing the corridor, it will effectively have been placed under seige.

Mr Silajdzic said that the government offensive, encroaching on the northern city for the first time in the three-and-a-half year war, would not be called off. He spoke after announcing the discovery of an alleged mass grave containing 540 corpses in Kljuc, one of several town that have fallen to the government in the past three weeks.

In the light of these military successes, the Croatian president, Franjo Tudjman, ignoring UN appeals, vowed on Monday to go ahead with a plan to return 100,000 Bosnian refugees to recaptured territory. "Since large amounts of territory have been liberated both in Croatia and in Bosnia, it's quite normal that people return," he said.

The developments follow the UN's joint announcement with Nato that following the withdrawal of rebel Serb artillery from Sarajevo a resumption of air strikes against Bosnian Serb positions was "currently not necessary".

It added that "any subsequent attack on Sarajevo or any other safe area . . . would be subject to investigation and resumption of air strikes".

**Washington Post, page 19**

# Andreotti faces his Mafia accusers

**David Willey in Rome**

GIULIO ANDREOTTI who embodied the Christian Democrats' 50 years of ascendancy in Italy and was seven times Prime Minister, went into the dock in Palermo this week accused of Mafia conspiracy.

More than 500 witnesses are expected to give evidence and the trial is expected to last well into next year. Security is at maximum level and much of the proceedings are expected to be televised.

The slightly hunchback figure of the bespectacled Mr Andreotti — a gift for political cartoonists — will stand alone in the dock at the heavily fortified Ucciardone prison courtroom, purpose-built to hold the previous Mafia "maxi-trial of the century" in 1986.

Then, more than 400 Mafia bosses and their henchmen stood trial for murder, armed robbery, drug trafficking and extortion. Sentences totalling more than 1,000 years were handed down the following year.

The charges against Mr Andreotti are not capital crimes, but still very serious: that he was an actual member and accomplice of the organised crime syndicate that has been Italy's bane for more than a century, or, in the words of the indictment, of "an armed criminal organisation whose aim is to gain and maintain control over economic activities through funds of criminal origin".

A heavy security blanket has been imposed by the authorities and hundreds of extra police have been sent from the mainland. There is a feeling locally that the Mafia may be flexing its muscles for another sensational act of terror like the killing three years ago of the country's two leading Mafia investigators, Judges Falcone and Borsellino.

Mr Andreotti, aged 76, is calling three former American ambassadors, a former German foreign minister and a former UN secretary-general to testify in his favour. He claims that the whole proceedings are a plot by his political enemies, perhaps masterminded from America. He will fight tooth and nail to have the proceedings transferred to Rome, where he would feel more comfortable.

Mr Andreotti has denounced the Mafia turncoats, on whom the prosecution is basing its case, as liars and rabble. But the prosecution has assembled a mountain of evidence — more than 100,000 pages of it. — *The Observer*

● Giorgio Armani and several of Italy's top designers are the latest public figures to be put on trial by Milan's "Clean Hands" anti-corruption prosecutors.

Mr Armani, Gianfranco Ferre, Girolamo Etro and Mariuccia Mandelli are all accused of corruption. Those charged with them include Santo Versace, the brother of Gianni Versace and chief executive of his frocks-to-fragrances empire.

# Angolan enemies ask Europe for funds

**Stephen Bates in Brussels**

THE TWO leaders in Angola's long-running civil war sat side by side in Brussels on Monday, begging for funds to rebuild the country their followers have shattered.

Jonas Savimbi, the opposition Unita leader whose US- and South African-backed rebels prolonged the 20-year conflict and ruined Angola, killing thousands, promised that he would never again resort to arms.

Sitting next to his bitter rival, President Jose Eduardo dos Santos, for only the third time since last November's ceasefire, Mr Savimbi was cheered as he told the opening session of a two-day conference: "I am here to tell you that I will never again take to the paths of war, nor will my organisation."

More than 400 participants, including government agencies, aid organisations, international bodies and private companies, are attending the conference, called by the European Commission to organise a £500 million rebuilding programme.

The Commission has given almost £90 million in aid over the last two years, though only about a third has been for rehabilitation projects.

Joao de Deus Pinheiro, the Portuguese EU commissioner in charge of relations with African countries, promised nearly £50 million in reconstruction aid this year, rising to more than £80 million by the end of 1997, with additional funding for humanitarian projects.

President dos Santos claimed that Angola did not need just an aid programme but rehabilitation, to make the peace settlement reached in Lusaka last November more secure. He called for the money to be channelled into reconstruction projects, not handed over in cash.

Delegates were reminded of the extent of the rebuilding task by brochures which described the state of what should be one of Africa's most prosperous and mineral-rich regions. Angola's inflation rate is 1,737 per cent, 20 per cent of its population are refugees, and at least 500,000 people were killed in the war.

Last year it had debts of more than £7 billion, three and a half times its export earnings. The country is thought to be littered with 10 million mines.

Among the projects proposed were training for adults to help children suffering from stress caused by the war, improved drainage, water and sanitation facilities, and agricultural development programmes.

The government-Unita joint mission has met with some scepticism in the EU. In August the European Parliament warned that both parties must demonstrate their support for the peace settlement.

Jean-Luc Dehaene, the Belgian prime minister, said of the two leaders: "Their presence in Brussels is irrefutable proof that the war in Angola is no more than a past memory, and that all the Angolan people are now set on a future of peace and development."

# Russian troops restore power to nuclear bases

**Reuter in Moscow**

RUSSIA sent troops to power stations in the Arctic Kola peninsula last week, forcing them at gunpoint to restore electricity to a submarine base. The nuclear submarines are in poor condition and, if left without power, their reactors would be in danger of overheating and melting.

"The Commanding Officer of the Northern Fleet has ordered commanders of units in the region to take all necessary action to prevent power and heating being cut off again, including the use of weapons if necessary," the fleet said in a statement.

The Russian prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, moved swiftly to back the action, banning any more power cut-offs to military bases. The government's press centre quoted him as saying cutting off electricity supplies to military installations was "inadmissible, irresponsible and a threat to national security".

Mr Chernomyrdin also scrapped a previous ruling which allowed electricity authorities to halt supplies to major defence facilities within 30 days if they did not pay their bills, Itar-Tass news agency said.

Soldiers were sent to the power plants after local authorities cut off heating and electricity because the military had not paid its bills, it said. The fleet then took over all the substations servings its nuclear installations on the Kola Peninsula.

The navy denied any danger of a nuclear accident, insisting its subs are completely "reliable". But a spokesman for the fleet, Vladimir Kondriyanenko, said that "switching off the power for even a few minutes can cause an emergency". He called the substation takeovers "a military secret".

Alexei Yablokov, an environmental adviser to President Boris Yeltsin, had said earlier that many decommissioned Russian submarines were "floating Chernobyls" that could explode. The Northern Fleet shutdown was the latest in a series of problems facing the once omnipotent military-industrial complex. Local authorities had earlier cut electricity from a strategic missile test site.

Authorities also pulled the plug on a Baltic Fleet airbase in the Baltic enclave of Kaliningrad, closing down the radar stations and cutting communications lines.

A dozen nuclear submarines are waiting to be dismantled at the Northern Fleet Submarine base, in line with international arms control treaties. But Tass said a shortage of storage space means their reactors, fuel cells and atomic waste had not been removed.

The Northern Fleet, which asked the government to step in to solve the problems, said it was only a matter of time before it paid its bills.

"In time we will be in a position to pay all our debts, including the electricity bill. This problem must be resolved in a civilised manner and not using barbaric methods which threaten the life and health of local people as well as the environment of the region," it said.

# Europe says no to N-tests

**GREENPEACE supporters released a nuclear bomb-shaped dirigible at Formentor in Majorca last week to coincide with the European Union summit as a new poll revealed deep opposition across Europe to French nuclear tests at Mururoa atoll in the South Pacific, *writes Bob Worcester*:**

**The Mori poll, commissioned by Greenpeace, shows only 6 per cent of all Europeans approve of the tests, with 81 per cent opposed. Even in France only 30 per cent approve, with 47 per cent opposed.**

**The poll reflects doubts that nuclear weapons are necessary any longer. Only 15 per cent of people in the nine countries polled agree that "nuclear weapons are still necessary", with fewer than half of the French, 44 per cent, agreeing that they are, and 39 per cent in disagreement. In Britain, Europe's other nuclear power, 50 per cent think nuclear weapons unnecessary, with less than a third — 32 per cent — saying the bomb is still needed.**

**The telephone poll was carried out between 9 and 19 September, with a total sample of 8,289. — *The Observer***



# EU 'drifting to a serious crisis'

The Majorca summit has exposed divisions that could threaten the future of the European Union. **John Palmer** reports from Brussels

THE European Union is facing its biggest crisis for more than 25 years as bitter infighting over a single currency and other divisive issues, combined with growing unease at the unpredictable behaviour of the French president, Jacques Chirac, threatens to fracture the Franco-German alliance on which its future rests.

Senior members of the European Commission have expressed alarm that increasingly public divisions among governments were fatally undermining progress towards economic and political union — and could even begin to pull the EU itself apart.

Far from calming these fears, the unusually contentious summit meeting of EU leaders in the Spanish island of Majorca at the weekend has highlighted the extent of internal splits and was the scene of a furious row sparked by Mr Chirac. Austria made an official protest to the French government after the disagreement.

"The entire European project could be in great trouble because of this cocktail of monetary and political problems," one senior EU official said. "The Franco-German alliance does not seem to be working. Talk in Germany about who might be in, and who is not in, the single currency does not help. But the real question is that, without France, there cannot be a monetary union, and without monetary union there is no prospect of political union."

The 15 EU countries are now fractured by a series of disputes, including:

□ the increasing prospect that a majority of countries will fail to meet the Maastricht criteria for a single currency by the 1999 target date;
□ divisions about whether to abolish the national veto over EU decisions;
□ anger over Mr Chirac's maverick approach to defence policy in general, and nuclear testing in particular;
□ concern that the European Court of Justice is subverting powers of sovereign states.

While demanding that the EU adopt a more "realistic" approach, Britain has been reduced almost to the role of spectator as Germany, France, Italy and other mainstream players squabble in public.

Following a dispute inspired by Germany over whether Italy will be ready to join a single currency by 1999, questions have also arisen as to whether France will be able to meet the Maastricht terms.

The German chancellor, Helmut Kohl, who alone among the 15 EU leaders retains the authority to maintain the drive to closer integration, will in turn face problems persuading voters to replace the German mark with a single currency unit.

"I am not one to talk the language of alarmism, but we could be drifting to a very serious crisis before long," one EU commissioner said on Monday. "The job of building a Europe of shared sovereignty in an unstable world cannot be left to Chancellor Kohl alone."

The unpredictable zig-zags of Mr Chirac's recent policies are viewed with dismay. There is concern that, if monetary union is put off the agenda until into the next century, and with it hopes of greater political union, it will be difficult for Dr Kohl to prevent Germany from asserting its own agenda internationally.

"We could then see the clock put back more than 50 years to a Europe of rival power blocs," the commissioner said.

"The lack of political leadership in the European Union now is very obvious. Too many governments are content to play the 'national interest' game in the fond belief that the European Union will always be strong enough to keep the show on the road. I am no longer sure that this will necessarily continue to be the case."

Within the Commission, the European Parliament and other bodies there is a pervading sense, as one official put it, "that we could all be surprised at the speed with which disintegration succeeds integration".

Mr Chirac is blamed in particular for the worsening climate. Austria's chancellor, Franz Vranitzky, called in the French ambassador to protest about remarks by Mr Chirac after the summit.

Mr Chirac had sneered that the Austrian chancellor had delivered "a rambling and confused statement which mainly centred on the high political esteem in which he holds me personally".

# Juppé hit by scandal

**Alex Duval Smith in Paris**

A JUDGE is considering bringing a private prosecution against the French prime minister, Alain Juppé, after the government said it would ignore a corruption investigation which on Monday found he had a case to answer.

Arnaud Montebourg, a leading leftwing barrister, said that a private prosecution remained the only way to ensure that Mr Juppé answered allegations that he had arranged for his son to rent a luxury Paris flat at a peppercorn rent.

On Monday, the judge heading the anti-corruption agency SCPC said Mr Juppé had been guilty of "exerting undue influence" over the rent his son, Laurent, paid for the flat arranged by his father when he was deputy mayor of Paris.

But the justice minister, Jacques Toubon, said he would not call for charges to be pressed against the prime minister if the two-month SCPC investigation found him guilty. Last week Mr Toubon attempted to sack the head of the SCPC, Bernard Challe.

Mr Montebourg said: "Because the SCPC is an internal body, answerable to the justice minister, he can ignore its findings. The only way to take the matter further is to prosecute the prime minister and that is what I am considering doing as head of a Paris residents' association."

Magistrates' associations said the government had set out to discredit its own corruption-control agency, set up in 1993 after a series of scandals in local and national government. Jean-Claude Bouvier, a spokesman for one magistrates' association, said: "A case must be brought, if only to clarify the judiciary's position when politicians are implicated in breaches of the law."

# Parties unite to defeat welfare

**Jonathan Freedland in Washington**

AMERICA'S march to the right accelerated last week as Democrats and Republicans celebrated their joint destruction of the foundations of the US welfare system, and launched a debate that could split both parties.

By a majority of 87 to 12, the Senate voted to eradicate the principle underlying the US social security system since the New Deal 60 years ago: for the first time the government will not guarantee federal assistance to any family that needs it.

Under the new rules Americans will be limited to five years of benefits in their lifetime, and will receive no cash after two years unless they work. Control of the system will move out of Washington, which will hand over lump sums to states for distribution. Republicans said the bill would save $65 billion over seven years. "We are not only fixing welfare, we are revolutionising it," said the Senate majority leader, Bob Dole, who hopes a triumph on welfare reform will boost his faltering campaign for the Republican presidential nomination.

But the most striking aspect of the vote was the extent of Democratic support. President Clinton has indicated that he will sign the bill and 35 Democrats voted for it, even though the welfare system was until recently sacred to the Democrats.

Mr Clinton has little alternative but to support the bill because one of his loudest promises in 1992 was "to end welfare as we know it". Having failed to achieve his goal of health care reform, he cannot afford to oppose a change which the polls show Americans desperately want.

The result is a split down the emotional middle of the Democratic Party, with leftwing veterans accusing fellow Democrats of betrayal.

"The Senate is on the brink of committing legislative child abuse," Senator Edward Kennedy said.

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said the Republican plan would result in children being cast out on to the streets.

# Ciller to form fresh Turkish coalition

**Jonathan Rugman in Istanbul**

THE Turkish prime minister, Tansu Ciller, was asked by President Suleyman Demirel to form a new government last week, the day after the collapse of her left-right coalition.

Earlier Ms Ciller, who had stayed on as a caretaker prime minister at the president's request, had spoken on television of a "brilliant future" for her "dear citizens", and claimed that a proposed oil pipeline from Azerbaijan to Europe would make Turkey a "bridge between east and west".

But Ms Ciller, aged 49 and Turkey's first woman prime minister, warned that an election within the next few months as demanded by the opposition — before the pipeline deal is secured — would be a big mistake.

Turkey's four-year-old coalition collapsed after Deniz Baykal, chairman of the social democrat Republican People's Party, pulled out.

To remain in office, Ms Ciller must win a vote of confidence, either as head of a minority government supported by small rightwing parties or by finding a new partner. The obvious candidate is the conservative opposition Motherland Party, led by Mesut Yilmaz.

But Mr Yilmaz insisted on elections before he would agree to an interim coalition. "Turkey has now entered a de facto election process . . . and it needs an election at the earliest date possible," he said.

Ms Ciller has long resisted calls, from members of her own True Path Party and others, for elections.

The anti-Nato and anti-Zionist Islamic Welfare Party is performing well in opinion polls and might gain the balance of power if Ms Ciller goes to the country. Necmettin Erbakan, the party leader, said during a recent visit to Switzerland that he was pleased the coalition had ended.

The underlying cause of the coalition's breakdown was disagreement over policies and power-sharing between Ms Ciller and Mr Baykal, a liberal who became head of the Republican People's Party in a leadership contest earlier this month.

Mr Baykal insisted that he wanted an "equitable partnership" with Ms Ciller's True Path Party. He said he wanted a realistic pay rise for public sector workers — more than 250,000 of whom are threatening to organise the biggest strikes in five years.

Ms Ciller stuck to her pay offer of 5.4 per cent, although annual inflation is running at 80 per cent.

Mr Baykal also wanted a timetable for further democracy in Turkey, which is also a big requirement from the European Parliament. It meets in December to vote on a customs agreement between Ankara and the EU.



# Open wound at the heart of peace

Nowhere in the Holy Land is coexistence between Palestinians and Israelis so miserably negated as in the town of Hebron, writes **Derek Brown**

FROM the comfortable perspective of the Israeli and Palestinian peace negotiators in the Egyptian resort of Taba, the issue of security in Hebron must have seemed like an irritating loose end over the past few weeks.

In the ancient town itself, the issue is not security but the utter lack of it. Hebron is an open wound at the heart of the peace process. Nowhere in the Holy Land is the concept of coexistence so miserably negated.

Yet there is coexistence, in a purely physical sense. Palestinians and Israelis live cheek by jowl. That is the problem.

At Tel Rumeida, a comfortable suburb perched on a hill with splendid views over the city, Tasir abu Ayyesh lives with his wife and six children in a spacious house.

On three sides his neighbours are Israeli soldiers. On the fourth is the tiniest, most provocative Jewish colony in the whole of the West Bank.

It consists of several bungalows, to the side of a cul-de-sac, with its own permanent military checkpoint at the entrance. Jewish settlers come and go without hindrance but all others are stopped, questioned, and sometimes searched.

Curfews prevent Arabs from moving in and out of Tel Rumeida. On the Jewish sabbath and on Jewish holidays, the Arab residents may not receive visitors. "Every time we come and go there are checks," said Tasir. "Sometimes it takes half an hour, sometimes less, sometimes more. It all depends on the mood of the soldiers."

The Jewish settlers came to Tel Rumeida 12 years ago, part of a movement which has brought up to 450 colonists to the town since Israel occupied the West Bank in 1968.

Like every other statistic in this place, the number is disputed. The settlers say there are 500 Jews in Hebron; Palestinians say only 150 live there permanently, and that the rest are students or passing through.

It is the same for the Palestinians: the municipality claims 120,000 but Israelis say there are fewer than 100,000.

What cannot be disputed is that the Jews of Hebron are a tiny minority with a vastly disproportionate influence. Because they are there, so are hundreds of Israeli soldiers. The city is studded with checkpoints and its old centre, once throbbing, has been clinically gutted.

Hebron's central vegetable market has been closed, considered a threat to the local Jewish colony. The bus station has been moved. The main road connecting the old city with the commercial district has been sealed off.

To Noam Arnon, spokesman for the Jewish settlers of Hebron, the notion of Israel handing over security to the Palestinian Authority is simply incomprehensible.

He says the town is not only part of the Land of Israel, but a very special part, where God gave the land to Abraham and where Jews lived for millennia until the pogrom of 1929. "Hebron is one of the most important sites for the Jewish people. It is a national mission for us to live here."

Hebron's apartheid has hardened over the years with each grisly turn of the screw of violence. Most of the Palestinian attacks have been directed at Kiryat Arba, the brash township of 6,000 settlers on the eastern outskirts. Counter-terror has been directed at the heart of Hebron, and it ranges from absolute evil to a pettiness that would be laughable were it not so wicked.



**An Israeli soldier detains a Palestinian during clashes last week in Hebron, where despite an extension of Palestinian self-rule Israeli troops will remain to guard militant settlers** PHOTOGRAPH: JEROME DELAY

In February last year Baruch Goldstein, a doctor and hardline racist from Kiryat Arba, entered the Ibrahimi mosque and sprayed worshippers with high-velocity automatic gunfire. Goldstein killed 29 people and wounded scores before he was bludgeoned to death.

A confrontation two weeks ago centred on Qurtuba girls' junior school, close to the Beit Hadassah Jewish settlement. Settlers objected to a Palestinian flag flying on the building, stormed in and roughed up some of the pupils and staff. They also dumped garbage at the entrance. There were riots, and the school was declared a closed military zone.

In such a context, all the quibbling and haggling over the terms of extending self-rule seem bitterly irrelevant. The leader of the Palestine Liberation Organisation, Yasser Arafat, does not want the humiliation of ceding control of security to Israel, but he has no real choice.

Opponents of peace say they will boycott any Palestinian elections held under cover of Israeli guns, but the polls will probably go ahead next year. The settlers mutter about forming their own vigilante force, but the soldiers will almost certainly stay.

Back at Tel Rumeida, Hana abu Heikal surveys the city from the roof of her comfortable villa. Recollections of the Goldstein massacre make her weep. And the presence of the Israeli settlers just yards away makes her shake with anger.

She brushes aside apologies for intrusion. "I would like all the world to come here and see us in jail in our own houses," she says.

# Armenia pays dearly for Karabakh victory

**Jonathan Rugman in Yerevan**

IN A graveyard outside the Armenian capital, a mother flings herself to the ground where her two sons are buried — two of the 20,000 people believed to have been killed in the battle for the disputed territory of Nagorno-Karabakh.

"There are many mothers in the world, but none is as unfortunate as me," she keens. "My world has been destroyed, and without you I am blind," she cries, before her surviving son drags her screaming to his car.

Nagorno-Karabakh (literally "mountainous black garden") is home to fewer than 200,000 Christian Armenians and lies entirely within Muslim Azerbaijan. Since 1988 the Karabakh Armenians have been fighting for independence.

The Armenian government denies that its troops have officially fought across the border in the former Soviet Union's longest conflict. It says the region's status is entirely for the indigenous Armenian population to decide. But scenes of mourning throughout Armenia testify to Yerevan's involvement in Karabakh, where soldiers — recruited twice a year — have fought semi-officially or as volunteers.

An energy blockade imposed by Azerbaijan on Armenia in 1991 has inflicted severe economic hardship, but most Armenians appear to believe that the high price for Karabakh's freedom has been worth paying. Especially now, when the war seems as good as won.

A ceasefire brokered by Russia in May last year has for the most part held. Karabakh's Armenian forces have driven out all the Azeris and occupy a "buffer zone" of Azeri towns and villages surrounding the territory. Azeri losses in their winter offensive of 1993-94 were so high — perhaps 6,000 men — that analysts wonder whether Azerbaijan has not lost the stomach for battle.

"We don't think the Azeris have the capacity to fight," says Gerard Libaridian, chief adviser to the Armenian president, Levon Ter-Petrosian. Hundreds of Armenian refugee families have returned to their homes in Nagorno-Karabakh this summer, he adds.

Starving people and Azeri rocket attacks in Karabakh are no longer shown on Armenian television because they no longer happen. "Karabakh is secure," says Dr Libaridian, widely regarded as the architect of Armenian foreign policy. "The problem now is that one of the parties has to make peace."

The negotiations, conducted under the auspices of the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe (OSCE), resumed in Moscow last month. A sticking point is at what stage Nagorno-Karabakh's status should be discussed. Azerbaijan insists on Armenian troops withdrawing first.

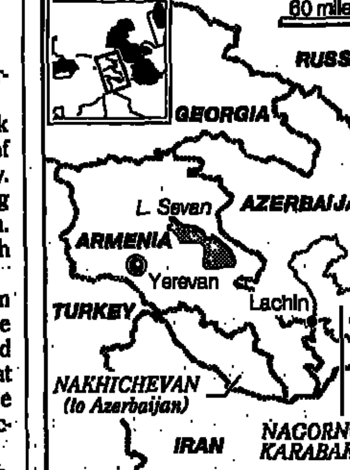
"The problem is not giving back land," says Hoosik Lazarian, head of Yerevan's biggest coalition party. "These territories are just being kept as a guarantee for Karabakh. What guarantees will Karabakh have to survive?"

Western diplomats say that even the Karabakh Armenians now agree with the Armenian government and the international mediators that they must give back land outside Karabakh before the Azeri sanctions can be lifted.

But Armenia and Nagorno-Karabakh refuse to return the corridor from Armenia to the town of Lachin in Azerbaijan, which serves as the territory's supply line. Armenia wants a missile-free zone for 15 miles on each side of the road corridor. And there is no agreement on when, or if, several thousand Azeri refugees can return to their homes.

"I don't support the idea of a country becoming powerful by taking territory," says Vazgen Manukyan, an Armenian opposition leader and former prime minister. "But unless we have a peace treaty giving Karabakh autonomy or independence, there is no guarantee that the Azeris will not attack again."

The failure to reach agreement has prevented the OSCE from sending a force to police the ceasefire. Although it agreed last year to commit up to 3,000 troops, events in Bosnia and Chechenia have reduced the willingness of members to participate. Russia and Turkey disagree over the force's composition and command.




Western diplomats in Yerevan believe that Azerbaijan will not risk an attack before elections in November, in case another military disaster topples the government. Armenia, too, has little interest in renewed fighting: Yerevan's standby agreement with the International Monetary Fund will be endangered if hostilities resume.

In the meantime, the Armenians have much to gain from the uneasy peace: returning refugees to their homes in Karabakh and securing the land corridor so that Azerbaijan's defeat becomes permanent.

## The Week

**ONCE AGAIN, maverick billionaire Ross Perot has shaken up US presidential politics with a surprise announcement that he is forming a third party for the 1996 election.**

**RUSSIAN defence chiefs are to sponsor more than 100 serving officers as candidates in December's parliamentary elections to ensure better support for military interests.**

**REFORM of the UN must be a priority in its 50th anniversary year, the US secretary of state, Warren Christopher, said while promising to fight congressional opposition to paying America's outstanding debts.**

**THE director of Greenpeace's campaign against French nuclear testing in the Pacific, Ulrich Jurgens, has been forced to quit only hours after arriving back in Europe from Tahiti.**

**A 16-YEAR-OLD schoolboy turned a rifle on himself after killing 11 people in two hours near Toulon in France, including three family members.**

**THE judge in the OJ Simpson trial, Lance Ito, made it much easier for the jury to convict by ruling that a verdict of second degree murder could be considered instead of first degree, a premeditated crime which attracts the death penalty.**

**THREE BOMBS exploded in the Indian capital of New Delhi in 14 hours. More than 40 people were injured.**

**THE Senate, with White House support, has voted to lift all economic curbs and some important military sanctions imposed on Pakistan five years ago because of its secret nuclear weapons programme.**

**ALGERIA accused Iran of supplying armed Islamic groups with material and moral support in an attempt to destabilise the country.**

**REBELS in Sierra Leone launched an attack in the south only days after hopes of an end to the civil war were raised. At least 100 people were killed.**

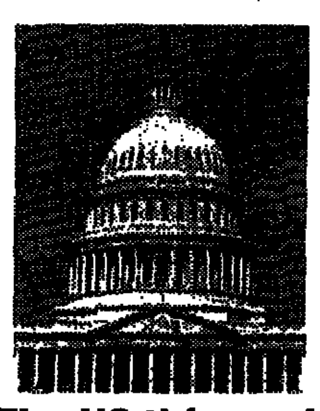
**SCIENTISTS in Argentina have found a new carnivorous dinosaur bigger and more fearsome than the Tyrannosaurus Rex, which roamed Patagonia 97 million years ago.**

**JAPAN'S Liberal Democratic Party has overwhelmingly chosen an outspoken populist, Ryutaro Hashimoto, as its leader.**

**RUDOLF PEIERLS, who made many important contributions to the study of nuclear physics, has died, aged 88.**

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# Clinton enters yet another new age



## The US this week

Martin Walker

GUY DE LUSIGNAN, the last Christian King of Jerusalem, was known as the Cushion, because he bore "the imprint of the last person who sat on him". The final bad advice he took was to march his army across the desert to defeat at Saladin's hands at the battle of Hattin, ending the Crusader kingdom of Outremer.

Even Bill Clinton's friends say he has a similar tendency, not to disastrous Middle Eastern adventures, but to sudden and surging enthusiasms on the basis of the most recent interesting conversation, or the latest speed-read book. He came over all spiritual after he read Stephen Carter's The Culture Of Disbelief: How American Law And Politics Trivialise Religious Devotion. Then he read Awaken The Giant Within by the New Age self-improvement guru Anthony Robbins, and invited him to give seminars at Camp David.

Mr Clinton developed a sudden enthusiasm for Third World birth control after reading a despairing essay in Harper's magazine about the disintegration of west Africa. He read David McCullough's biography of President Truman in an attempt to inspire himself a similar electoral comeback after defeat in the congressional mid-term elections. Now he has been reading John Morton Blum's The Progressive Presidents, and it shows.

During the past week, he spent five days touring the four important electoral states — Pennsylvania, Florida, Colorado and California — raising a brisk $5 million for his well-funded re-election campaign and talking about the progressive era.

This was not a politician's stump speech, more that curious blend of the preacher and the teacher that is the Clinton hallmark, designed to reinvent himself as the new progressive, the kind of leader Americans are lucky enough to elect once in a century.

"I believe this is the most profound period of change we have faced in a hundred years. If we do this election right, if we make these 100-year decisions right, the best is yet to be," was the new theme.

"We have a set of 100-year decisions to make," he told them in Philadelphia. "We've got a big stake in the future, and a great deal of how we live for the next 20 years will be determined by the outcome of this presidential election," he continued in Florida.

"This is one of those get-off-the-dime elections," he assured them in Colorado, "Since we got started as a country we've had about four periods of really profound change: obviously, leading up to and then after the Civil War, and then when we changed from a rural to an industrial economy between about 1895 and 1916; and then the Great Depression, and World War II and the cold war; and now coming out of that, this new global economy and the information age."

To the bafflement of the mainly elderly audiences to whom he has been speaking on health and Medicare reform this week, Mr Clinton has been giving history lessons, and poaching the rhetoric of Republican Speaker Newt Gingrich about the coming third wave of the information age.

"About a hundred years ago, a lot of the ties that bound people together were uprooted, families were uprooted, whole communities began to disappear. We also saw children working 10, 12, 14 hours a day, six days a week in the mines and factories of this country. We saw an absolute disregard for the preservation of our natural resources.

"And for about 20 years we had this raging debate, and we decided that the national government should promote genuine competition, if it meant breaking up monopolies; should protect children from the abuses of child labour that were then present; should attempt to preserve our natural resources; and should in common promote the personal wellbeing and development of our people.

"And what happened after that was the most dramatic, breathtaking period of economic and social progress in the United States ever experienced by any country," he went on in Philadelphia. "We can do it again if we make change . . ."

By which he meant, re-electing Bill Clinton. Having raised $18 million since April, President Clinton is already ahead of his fundraising target of $45 million.

Last week's five events, each pocketing $1 million for his war chest, have been timed to pre-empt any threat of an internal Democratic challenge to his candidacy.

(The final take may be a little less. Federal accountants did not agree with the White House that the odd visit to Philadelphia justified this as a presidential trip. As a political voyage, the Clinton campaign fund had to fork out a modest share of the costs of Air Force One and entourage.)

**He has a tendency to sudden enthusiasms on the basis of the latest speed-read book**

The only Democratic challenge even being considered is from Jesse Jackson, who last week finally paid off the outstanding $150,000 debt from his 1988 campaign. Mr Jackson, who sneers at the "Republican lite" Clinton presidency, finds his traditional threat of siphoning off black voters overshadowed by the prospect of General Colin Powell entering the fray.

Threatening to veto Republican welfare and Medicare reforms that are too harsh, but already abandoning the rearguard battles of the Congressional Democrats, Mr Clinton's re-election hopes are buoyed up by opinion polls that suggest he would win any election in which Gen Powell is not on the Republican ticket.




The vogue word around the Clinton re-election team is "triangulation", to distinguish the President from the old guard Democrats in Congress, but also from the new rightwing Republicans. Conceived by political consultant Dick Morris, triangulation seeks to run a campaign on the fours Es: the economy, education, the environment and Republican extremism.

Mr Morris has been a pollster and adviser to Mr Clinton since the early days in Arkansas in the 1970s. Their relationship has been stormy, involving one Clintonian punch to the Morris jaw. And Mr Morris has since worked mainly for Republicans. But ever ready to answer his old friend's call, he is back with a vengeance. He is now seen as the Prince of Darkness by traditional Democrats in Congress, who blame him for steering Mr Clinton away from a last-ditch battle to save Medicare and welfare and the remnants of the Great Society.

But an awesome number of babies look like being thrown out with this bathwater. The Senate compromise on welfare ends a tradition that goes back to the New Deal, of using public funds to help poor and single mothers stay with their children. The new limit is five years on public funds, with an expectation that work will be found after the first two years. The Senate gratefully accepted this compromise, which watered down the original ferocity of the Republican proposal, by a majority of 87 to 12.

President Clinton, keen to fulfil his campaign pledge "to end welfare as we know it", is ready to go along. But the hard-faced men in the Republican House will certainly try to tighten the rules yet further when the final bill is hammered out in the House-Senate conference. Still, the principle of unending public support for families with children has gone, with one memorable mourner.

"If this administration wishes to go down in history as one that abandoned, eagerly abandoned, the national commitment to dependent children, so be it. I would not want to be associated with such an enterprise, and I shall not be," thundered the ancestral voice of Democratic doom, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, in a magnificent jeremiad on the Senate floor.

"What is to be said of a White House that was almost on the edge of excess in its claims of concern in the last Congress, but is now prepared to see things like this happen in the present Congress? I had no idea how profoundly what used to be known as liberalism was shaken by the last election. No president, Republican or Democrat, in history, or 60 years of history, would dream of agreeing to the repeal."

Well, now Senator Moynihan knows exactly what the 1994 Congressional election achieved. When combined with a New Democrat in the White House, eager for re-election, nothing is safe. But the loyalty of the Clintonites knows few bounds. Even though Mr Clinton is now ideologically wedded to Mr Morris and triangulation, the old guard of the 1992 campaign is not giving up.

"Bill Clinton must re-emerge as someone with an economic vision, populist instincts, and as a cultural conservative," reads a confidential memorandum to the President from his old pollster, Stanley Greenberg, which seeks to prevent Mr Clinton from being swallowed whole by the Republican juggernaut.

The 10-page Greenberg memo, now circulating widely in Washington, urges the President to consolidate the Democratic base by attacking the Republicans on Medicare (subsidised health care for the elderly). In political jargon, this is called "downscaling", aimed at low-income groups. But Mr Greenberg says the President must win back the "Reagan Democrats", white working-class and low-middle-class voters who deserted to the Republicans in droves in the congressional elections last year.

"The defection and disillusionment of working-class and non-college white voters is the principal obstacle standing in our way . . . central to the lack of energy across the Democratic electorate and lack of Democratic turnout," Mr Greenberg went on.

President Clinton can win them back by standing up for college loans and education programmes, Mr Greenberg says, while backing away from "cultural-liberal" issues such as gays in the military or weakness in foreign policy. The latest polls on Mr Clinton's handling of Bosnia have doubled his approval ratings since the air strikes were launched against the Bosnian Serbs.

There are not too many differences between the New Democrats of 1992 like Mr Greenberg and the even newer Democrats of 1995 like Mr Morris, save the degree of dutiful nostalgia they are prepared to pay to the old Democratic shibboleths. It is said that in the first months of his presidency, as his modestly Keynesian economic package was going down to defeat, Mr Clinton cried despairingly: "Are we becoming Eisenhower Republicans?" Nothing so ambitious. Eisenhower presided over some real Keynesian programmes, from the Interstate highway project to the massive expansion of college and science education after the Soviet Sputnik scared the daylights out of Americans in 1957.

As Senator Moynihan finally acknowledged, the centre of political gravity has shifted far, far to the right since Eisenhower's day. Ronald Reagan began the great turn away from the New Deal consensus. Mr Clinton's New Democrat campaign added to that rightward momentum. Recall Putting People First, his 1992 campaign manifesto, which declared: "Our policies are neither liberal not conservative, neither Democratic nor Republican. They are new. They are different."

Mr Clinton's rediscovery of the progressive era allows him to claim one Democrat (Woodrow Wilson) and one Republican (Theodore Roosevelt) and one third-party candidate (Theodore Roosevelt again) as his ideological antecedents.

This is a neat trick, which may just let Mr Clinton stake out the yawning middle ground between the liberal rump of the Congressional Democrats and the Republican zealots behind Speaker Gingrich. (Their latest wheeze is to repeal the 16th Amendment, dating back to the progressive era of 1913, which authorises the federal government to impose the income tax.)

**A chameleon of a man, he flickers from liberal to conservative, from Whig to Tory**

The problem is that this middle ground is no longer entirely vacant. Using his standard doctrine of overwhelming force applied to a clear political objective, Gen Powell is already digging in.

The Republicans are nervous enough already to start depicting Gen Powell as the establishment candidate, the man who would leave Washington unchanged. Gen Powell's political intentions remain unclear, but his sincerity as a fiscal conservative and social moderate cannot be questioned.

Would that one could say the same of Mr Clinton. He is a chameleon of a man, who flickers from liberal to conservative, from Whig to Tory. He pledges universal health care but delivers cuts in the budget deficit, and darts from New Age enthusiasms to ancient family values.

Perhaps his passion for the progressive era will endure. But one fears that now he has been sat on by Mr Gingrich, the Guy de Lusignan of our times is bearing no more than the imprint of that fleshy rump.

Still, progressivism may not last. The President has taken up a new book: William Manchester's A World Lit Only By Fire. It is about the Dark Ages. With luck, the example of Alfred the Great and Charlemagne may yet prevail over the last, doomed Christian King of Jerusalem.

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# Samoans face up to despair

Psychiatrists from around the Pacific have gathered in Western Samoa to discuss the mental health of a region that has one of the world's highest youth suicide rates. **Christopher Zinn** reports from Safua

SAFUA is a Samoan village with palm trees, tropical gardens, a cricket pitch, large white churches and at least one beaming child called Mona Lisa.

But families here and throughout Western Samoa are struggling to come to terms with a tragedy which belies the popular notion that these islands are an earthly paradise.

While Samoa prides itself on being the cradle of Polynesian culture, it suffers one of the highest youth suicide rates in the world.

International comparisons are difficult to make but demographers say the official rates of 40 deaths per 100,000, out of a total Samoan population of 160,000, are probably underestimated.

The isolation of the island of Savaii and the stigma of suicide amongst the many Christians are just two reasons why some suicides are not recorded.

About 80 per cent of the mainly young men who kill themselves drink the toxic weed-killer paraquat, which has led to a high rate of successful suicides compared to attempts. Last month psychiatrists from around the Pacific attended a World Health Organisation conference near Safua, on Savaii, to discuss mental health in the region.

A recent UN Children's Fund report warned the South Pacific countries about their rising suicide rates, some of which are 20 times higher than comparable figures in the United States and other parts of the developed world.

Heather Booth, a demographer with long experience in the region, says the transition from traditional to modern society is creating pressures that lead many young people to suicide.

"The cash economy, the nuclear family, all these changes are breaking down traditional society," she said. "There are limited opportunities for upward mobility, for emigration and there is a lot of frustration . . . The young men sometimes commit suicide in public — drinking paraquat as a kind of display."

Earlier this year Laufau, a mother with a one-year-old son, who like most Samoans is a devoted churchgoer, threatened to leave her husband if he did not give up alcohol. He reacted by drinking from a bottle of paraquat and died in hospital in Apia two weeks later. Her brother committed suicide in a similar fashion last year.

A study of the problem by a nurse consultant, Iakopeta Enoka, described suicide in 19- to 25-year-olds as an impulsive and retaliatory act. Her report said that as it is culturally unacceptable for Samoans to express their anger they sometimes kill themselves instead.

Moelagi Jackson, a female village chief or Matai, runs the Safua hotel and saw her cousin commit suicide after he joined a religious cult and quarrelled with his family.

She believes most suicides are due to the clash between the old and the new ways. And she says outside influences, such as films, are breaking down young people's respect for the authority of their parents.

"They go to the movies and they see kids answering back and showing cheek. Here it is taboo; you cannot say that to your mother. Here you are seen and not heard," she said.

The Rev Nuu'Osamea, a leading Protestant churchman in Apia, still despairs of the high rates of suicide. "At times we feel things are getting out of hand. We can't really know how to deal with the situation because we only hear when someone has done a successful job. You're left with a feeling of helplessness," he said.

He believes the main cause of youth suicide is the "scolding" of children by authoritarian parents. "The young people go through a lot of stress and the most available option for some of them is to end their life."

As in Australia — which several reports have indicated as having the highest youth suicide rates in the developed world — there is no simple solution. Attempts by the Samoan health department to ban paraquat in the eighties were overruled by the department of agriculture.

The department of health says: "There are plenty of competing and corroborating theories in existence explaining the likely causes of suicide in Western Samoa but none of course can be irrefutably substantiated, given that the testimony of the dead can never be heard."

Tradition dies hard . . . A tattooed father and his son on the beach in Western Samoa. Young people in a paternalistic environment find it hard to cope with the demands of modern life PHOTO CHRISTOPHER ZINN

In Safua, Ms Jackson thinks part of the answer lies with the fact that the chiefs maintain their traditional authority.

She throws open her hotel to young people as a forum for them to use to come and talk with others. "Sometimes they just come and meet the tourists; they talk and the next thing they just walk away and all their problems are forgotten," she says.

Ms Jackson says that so far Safua has not had a suicide since her cousin's death several years ago, while neighbouring communities have at least one suicide almost every year.

# Both sides play the colour card

Mandela's dream of a 'rainbow nation' is being threatened as sectional interests stir up trouble. **David Beresford** reports

ON THE way from central Johannesburg to the wealthy northern suburbs stands a small park known as Zoo Lake. In the summer, lovers cuddle on its lawns. Nannies natter under weeping willow trees to the thwack of balls on nearby municipal tennis courts, while perspiring fathers heave on the oars of rowing boats to the delighted giggles of children.

So when proposals were recently announced to build a shopping mall and entertainment complex there, with parking for 5,000 cars, the reaction was superficially the same as might meet attempts to asphalt Hyde Park.

Superficially, because there was one significant difference: the indignant ratepayers were predominantly white, while the spokesman for the developers was black.

The spokesman, an articled clerk, had been plucked from obscurity by the white developers to front the project, with what some might see as cynical intent. He was seemingly chosen to symbolise their argument that the development promised black employment and black business "empowerment".

Race is the card with which the developers are trying to trump the town-planning arguments against the destruction of the city's "green lung".

Many, if not most, of the contentious issues of the day in South Africa have a racial current. Take the recent bankruptcy of the Africa Bank, one of the smaller banks in the country.

Although the bank is seen as representative of black business, its chief executive is white and contributed to its financial woes by extending huge unsecured loans to himself and his white friends. But these and other important issues of regulation are being over-shadowed by furious debate on whether the government should rescue the bank on the grounds that it is "black".

Race is also a powerful sub-text to the issue of public corruption. One cabinet minister from the apartheid regime is still in prison for fleecing the public purse, but the record of corruption in other parts of Africa has created a perception among most whites that it is a "black vice". Blacks, understandably, see this as evidence of white racism.

Headlines here have been dominated for the past month by the extraordinary story of Eugene Nyati, a financial "whizz-kid" of dubious qualification who was hired by an African National Congress regional premier, Mathews Phosa, to investigate inefficiency in the provincial administration.

When a Johannesburg newspaper disclosed that he had paid himself nearly £250,000 for two month's work, Mr Nyati denounced the charge as racist. Even Mr Phosa (who has since been persuaded by an accumulation of evidence to consider criminal prosecution of his consultant) initially defended him as a victim of "people opposed to change" — a popular euphemism for white racists.

One of the admirable aspects of Nelson Mandela's presidency is that, while he does on occasion remind the white élite of the special responsibility it carries as a result of apartheid, he does not engage in this racial polemic. The same cannot be said of Thabo Mbeki, his deputy.

Mr Mbeki has recently involved himself in furious controversy over black empowerment in the newspaper industry.

The structure of the press is worthy of public debate — pre-eminently on diversity of ownership, which is signally lacking — but Mr Mbeki has chosen to make of it a racial issue.

He accused editors of engaging in "a continued offensive to maintain the status quo" and blamed public criticism of the government's tardy delivery of reform on the influence of white editorial prejudices.

In the aftermath of apartheid it would be naive to expect the issue of racism magically to vanish from the South African public consciousness. Public debate of race issues is inevitable and to some extent desirable. But so long as the card is played for short-term sectional interests, the country will fall short of its aspiration to become the world's pre-eminent "rainbow nation".

# Serial killers outwit SA police

**THE DISCOVERY of 10 women's corpses outside the town of Boksburg, east of Johannesburg, has again emphasised the shortcomings of the South African police, *writes David Beresford.***

**The bodies — believed to be the victims of a serial killer — were discovered after a police reservist found a corpse while he was out hunting rabbits last month.**

**Last week, the police commissioner, George Fivaz, announced a reward of nearly £100,000 and said he would ask Scotland Yard and the FBI for help.**

**Serial killings seem to be a recent phenomenon in South Africa, more than half of them occurring in the last five years. Psychologists offer a host of reasons for this, including the possibility that high levels of political violence have "legitimised" serial murder for psychotics. Another explanation is that earlier examples were not recognised by an incompetent police force.**

**There have been two or three serial killers in South Africa in recent years. In Cape Town, 22 boys were sodomised and strangled before a young teacher was arrested last year. He was convicted of only one murder, but the attacks have now ended.**

**In the Johannesburg-Pretoria area, two serial killers have supposedly been in operation; the "Cleveland Killer" and the "Atteridgeville Strangler". "Supposedly" is used advisedly, because it might be one person — who could now also be responsible for the horror at Boksburg.**

**The police's lack of expertise was shown in Cleveland, when it was not until the sixth body had been found in the area that police realised they were hunting a serial killer.**

**Another measure of inefficiency is offered by an incident — at the height of the Cleveland stranglings — when a friend of mine was attacked by a strangler outside Johannesburg, but was apparently saved by her dogs. She reported the attack to her police station and was told an officer would be sent to take a statement. The statement has never been taken.**

**After 15 bodies had been discovered, a suspect was arrested and shot dead in custody when he allegedly attacked his guard.**

**Deaths of suspects are not new. More than 30 years ago, the "Pangaman" terrorised the Pretoria area — attacking couples in cars, cutting of the men's hands with a machete and raping the women.**

**One officer developed an obsession with the case. The exact tally is not known, but he is reputed to have killed the "Pangaman" seven or eight times before the real killer was caught and hanged. He was a cleaner . . . at national police headquarters.**

## The Week in Britain James Lewis

# Lib Dems cross French goods off shopping list

THE LIBERAL DEMOCRATS positioned themselves firmly to the left of Labour at their annual conference in Glasgow last week. They also became the first major party to demand a boycott of French goods in protest against President Chirac's resumption of nuclear testing in the South Pacific — a step shirked even by the Greenpeace environmental movement.

The boycott incurred the disapproval of senior party figures, who walked off the platform during the heated debate. But, amid allegations that Britain is secretly receiving data from the French tests, delegates were intent on retaliation. "I don't want to hear of your love of French wine or brie or anything else," cried Peter Tyzack, who led the boycott demand. "The money in your pocket is yours, and in this instance it is the only power you have, so use it." Delegates agreed.

The decision, which is unlikely to keep President Chirac awake at night, was one of those "feel-good" moral gestures which the Lib Dems still love to make. There was also a pretty high moral tone to many other of the week's policy pledges, which the conference challenged Tony Blair's Labour party to match.

The Lib Dems' leader, Paddy Ashdown, demanded to know whether Mr Blair would join him in voting against the Chancellor if he decides to cut income tax in his November budget. Mr Blair refused to rise to the bait. There were many other ringing defences of the necessity of taxation, along with a commitment to increase income tax to pay for educational investment, a pledge to renationalise the railways, an attack on private cars and a promise to restrict their use, and a vote to clamp down on the National Lottery and to ban scratch cards.

The Lib Dems are evidently oblivious to Labour's fears that pledges on public spending will scare away middle-class voters. The two parties are, however, closer to one another than many people seem to realise on subjects such as education, social-security reform, the environment, Europe and, increasingly, constitutional reform.

The demand for a Scottish parliament, which preoccupied the Scottish National Party at its conference in Perth, is one which Labour and the Lib Dems also support and on which they have co-operated to some purpose. They have agreed on detailed proposals for a parliament and even compromised on a voting system that contains an element of proportional representation.

Just as Mr Blair tried to scupper the Lib Dem conference with his offer of co-operation, so Labour's Scottish spokesman, George Robertson, sought to rattle the nationalists by accusing them, on no discernible evidence, of indulging in rhetoric likely to encourage letter-bomb extremists. It was an old smear, and it failed.

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THE TREASURY announced surprise plans to raise up to £1.5 billion by selling off the Government's residual shareholdings in more than a dozen privatised companies including British Petroleum, British Gas, Scottish Power, British Steel and British Airways.

Labour's City spokesman, Alistair Darling, denounced the move as "a desperate attempt by the Government to sell the last of the family silver to raise as much money as possible for tax cuts with which to bribe the electorate."

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JOHN REDWOOD, who unsuccessfully challenged the Prime Minister in a Tory leadership election earlier in the year, launched a think-tank called Conservative 2000 which will act as a useful new front for the Conservative Eurosceptics who made John Major's life such a misery.

Conservative 2000 makes an appeal to restore the "special relationship" between Britain and the United States, which has cooled since the departure of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan. Mr Redwood, newly returned from talks with right-wingers in Washington, believes that transatlantic ties have been neglected because of Britain's preoccupation with Europe.

In a pre-emptive strike against Mr Redwood, the Foreign Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, asserted that building a new relationship with the US was a task for Europe as a whole, not just Britain.

Mr Redwood wants a British-American free trade area (similar to last year's North American Free Trade Agreement) but Mr Rifkind called for a transatlantic free trade area, negotiated between Congress and European parliaments.

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WINE-BAR man was wooed by the Whitbread brewery with a new lager, Tungsten, inexplicably named after a ductile metal that is used for wiring in incandescent lights. This tipple, its makers claimed with a straight face, was a "husk-free beer that may result in less of a hangover".

Many drinkers seemed surprised to learn that beer had any husk at all. But, according to Whitbread's boffins, husks are a big source of tannin, which is one of the causes of hangovers.

The sale of beer in Britain is in overall decline, but premium and superstrong beers (Tungsten is 9 per cent alcohol) are popular among young men who, according to Alcohol Concern, buy them simply to get drunk quickly. It accused Whitbread of encouraging excess drinking.

Austin

I'LL HAVE ANOTHER ONE, I NEED A CLEAR HEAD IN THE MORNING.



Amused students at Bearsden Academy read about the 'old boy' scandal PHOTOGRAPH: MURDO MacLEOD

# Bogus schoolboy stuns pupils

**Erland Clouston**

**INQUIRIES are under way into how a 32-year-old man was able to spend the past year masquerading as a 17-year-old pupil at a respected Strathclyde school.**

**Last week regional officials were investigating the man, calling himself Brandon Lee, who spent three terms at Bearsden Academy. Dundee University agreed that it had granted a medical school place to the "teenage" prodigy.**

**The enigma deepened when education officials revealed that Lee was probably Brian MacKinnon who had left Bearsden Academy 15 years earlier with an almost equally glittering range of qualifications.**

**Strathclyde has ordered headmasters to check references more thoroughly, and demand that birth certificates be produced when strangers enrol.**

**Breaking his week-long silence, Mr MacKinnon claimed on Monday that the origin of his subterfuge lay in Glasgow university's request that he abandon his medical studies after poor results at the end of his second year in 1983.**

**"I felt as though I had been robbed and cheated out of my place at university."**

# Shephard warns of backlash

**Larry Elliott and John Carvel**

GILLIAN SHEPHARD, the Education and Employment Secretary, warned her cabinet colleagues last week to expect a backlash from parents unless the Government came up with extra cash for schools and universities.

In her first interview since the leak of a politically sensitive memo prepared for last month's special cabinet meeting, Mrs Shephard said the Treasury was wrong to think there was a "crock of gold" buried in schools' reserves.

She went out of her way to deny responsibility for the leak, which said there was a perception that schools were underfunded and peace in the classroom was threatened.

Mrs Shephard denied claims that the increase in class sizes had any impact on educational standards, but hinted strongly that she expected the Prime Minister to back her in her battle with William Waldegrave, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, for more money. "The Prime Minister has said on many occasions that education will be at the top of the priorities as the economy grows," she said.

Asked if she was telling cabinet colleagues to prepare themselves for a rough ride from Middle England in the year to come, Mrs Shephard replied: "I think my cabinet colleagues are very aware of the involvement of the consumer in all areas of the public services."

But she went on: "There really isn't any convincing evidence that marginal increases in class sizes make much difference to standards."

Mrs Shephard admitted that last year's public spending round had caused real problems in some areas, and was dismissive of the idea that schools and local education authorities might set illegal budgets to prevent job cuts.

But she made it clear that she is resisting Treasury claims that education should not expect more money when schools have sizeable contingency reserves.

On teachers' pay, Mrs Shephard said she wanted fair rewards, but added that teaching was a vocation.

She admitted that the implementation of the new Job Seeker's Allowance — the replacement for Unemployment Benefit which she inherited as part of her expanded job title in the summer reshuffle — was still proving problematical.

She remained hopeful that unemployment was still on a downward trend and that the link-up between education and employment made sense.

● The National Association of Headteachers last week demanded the right to expel disruptive children from school, saying they were becoming violent, abusive and uncontrollable at an earlier age than ever.

David Hart, the general secretary, said schools should not be required to admit pupils with serious criminal records, or those guilty of systematic violence or disruptive behaviour, if head teachers thought they could not cope with their needs.

# Carey urges power shift from synod

**Madeleine Bunting**

THE MOST radical shake-up of the Church of England's organisation was unveiled last week with the publication of proposals to concentrate unprecedented power in the hands of the archbishops in a new cabinet-style national council.

A report commissioned by George Carey, Archbishop of Canterbury, says the council would take over many of the responsibilities of the Church Commissioners. In a marked shift of power to the archbishops from the General Synod, the council would assume the powers of several synodical committees which would be dismantled. The changes would require an act of Parliament.

The need to rationalise management of the church at national level has been prompted by the loss of £800 million worth of assets by the commissioners.

The proposals reflect Dr Carey's frustration at his lack of executive machinery to meet the expectations placed on him to provide leadership of the Church and moral guidance to the nation.

The report, Working As One Body, envisages a 17-member council chaired by the archbishops, which would give clearer focus to strategy formation and policy implementation from the centre. It includes a damning indictment of a church organisation which is more used to producing paper than results.

The proposed shift in power from synod to archbishops is likely to meet fierce opposition when the report is debated by the synod in November and at an extraordinary session in February.

In a foreword to the report, Dr Carey and John Habgood, former archbishop of York, welcomed its broad thrust as a way of "securing the coherence in the work of the Church at a national level". Dr Carey rejected criticism that the proposals undermined the power of the General Synod and claimed there were careful checks and balances incorporated into them.





# UK's 'secret deal' on N-tests

**David Fairhall, and Martin Walker in Washington**

BRITAIN is secretly collaborating with the French nuclear test programme and is preparing to use data provided by Paris after the Mururoa test explosion last month, it was alleged last week.

The claim from the shadow defence secretary, David Clark, quoting sources close to the Geneva test ban negotiations, was supported by United States defence experts. Dr Clark has written to the Defence Secretary, Michael Portillo, demanding an explanation.

If officially confirmed, the revelation would explain the Government's conspicuous refusal to condemn the French tests and will infuriate Commonwealth countries in the South Pacific which vigorously oppose continued testing by France.

"My information is that we are to be supplied with some of the test results as they apply to simulation techniques," Dr Clark said. "This seems to be part of the ongoing exchange of nuclear information between the two governments. Sources in Geneva suggest that Britain may even be contributing financially towards the cost of the French computer work. If this is true, the British taxpayer has a right to be outraged."

The allegation coincides with statements to the Guardian by defence experts in Washington that test data from the French explosion at Mururoa is "already being studied at Los Alamos [the US nuclear laboratory] and Aldermaston" under a series of informal agreements on nuclear technology between the US, France and Britain. Although the US administration has publicly "regretted" President Jacques Chirac's decision to press ahead with six or seven Mururoa tests despite protests from around the Pacific, it is quietly helping the French.

The three countries have all agreed to move towards a comprehensive test ban treaty, which will depend on sharing computer modelling techniques devised at the Aldermaston laboratories in Berkshire and at US nuclear laboratories in Los Alamos and Livermore, California.

Known as "codes", these computer modelling techniques use data from nuclear tests to simulate what happens in the warhead while it is being stored, to indicate whether it will work as planned when required.

"We could not move towards a complete test ban without adequate assurance for the military and for the scientists that the weapons will work — that is what these codes do," said Jack Mendelsohn, a former nuclear arms negotiator and now a civilian expert with the Arms Control Association. "We undoubtedly share these stockpile management codes with the British, and so long as the codes do not contain warhead design data, with the French too."

The Foreign Office flatly denied Dr Clark's allegation. "The French are not giving us data from their tests, nor have we offered to pay for it," said an official.

But the denial left open the possibility of indirect co-operation on computer simulation techniques — something the House of Commons all-party defence committee believes should be "vigorously" pursued — in anticipation of a total nuclear test ban next year.

The Elysée Palace would not comment on the allegations. But an official French source said: "We are often asked why we cannot use US technology instead of carrying out our own tests. That is because US technology is specific to US weaponry and French technology is specific to us.

"It would therefore be unrealistic to share this information."

Washington Post, page 21

# Police 'lies and blunders' halt trial of Cyprus soldiers

**Chris Drake in Larnaca**

LAWYERS defending the three British soldiers on trial in Cyprus accused of killing a Danish tour guide are claiming a series of blunders and lies by police, and are attempting to have almost every item of incriminating evidence ruled inadmissible.

The trial was halted late last month for legal submissions. Defence lawyers are now talking openly about the possibility that their clients, from the Royal Greenjackets, could be acquitted of the main charge of manslaughter, as well as the other charges of conspiracy to rape and kidnapping 23-year-old Louise Jensen with intent to rape her.

If the judges find in favour of the defence, the soldiers' confessions, alleged to have been made to police soon after their arrests, will be disallowed.

Their bloodstained clothing, the iron shovel said to be the killing weapon, the car used to abduct Jensen and drive her to her death, will also be disallowed along with fingerprint evidence, at least 60 prosecution photographs, and various comments implicating them, which are said to have been made to different police officers.

The defence claims that, under Cyprus law, it is illegal to arrest someone without a warrant unless an offence has been committed in the view of the arresting officer. Therefore, they were wrongly arrested and any evidence gained until the time they appeared in court is inadmissible.

If the prosecution wins that argument, then a second claim will be the focus of another "trial within a trial" as the defence maintains the accused were never advised of their rights when arrested.

Unless the prosecution wins that argument too, the same loss of evidence would apply.

Even if neither of these claims are referred to the island's Supreme Court for a final ruling, both prosecution and defence teams agree the trial is now likely to drag on into next year.

The soldiers were originally arrested last September and made their first court appearance later the same day while police searched for Jensen's body. It was eventually found by a farm worker in a shallow grave.

Defence costs are being paid by British legal aid, with the bill already reported to be close to £250,000.

# Alarm over RAF's 'rent a jet' plan

**David Fairhall**

A PROPOSAL that the Royal Air Force should rent a stop-gap package of second-hand American fighter aircraft while it awaits delivery of its new Eurofighters is alarming the British aerospace industry.

Although the Ministry of Defence insisted that a leasing deal would "in no way affect orders for the Eurofighter" there is concern that it may weaken the Government's commitment to a four-nation European programme on which 40,000 British jobs depend.

The RAF originally proposed that because of delay in developing the Eurofighter, the existing force of Tornado F-3 air defence fighters should be upgraded. The new aircraft will not enter service until 2002 because of German budgetary difficulties and programme changes designed to reduce costs.

But confronted with the cost of upgrading the Tornado F-3 with a new missile and avionics merely to extend its operational life by five years, the MoD has decided to explore the alternative of leasing second-hand US fighters.

Costings were requested for aircraft capable of carrying the latest Amraam medium-range air-to-air missiles. This would require essentially F-16 or F-18 aircraft.

US manufacturers have offered 40 aircraft, refurbished to suit the RAF, which are now being evaluated. But RAF reaction has been mixed, with some sources suggesting that the F-3 can be "transformed" by the addition of new equipment, and others keen to try an agile single-seat fighter like the F-16. A lot will depend on comparative costs.

Such a deal would not necessarily impact on Eurofighter, of which the RAF currently expects to order 250. However, the shadow defence secretary, David Clark, said the MoD is going "cap in hand" to the Americans and the Liberal Democrats' Menzies Campbell warned of a potential disaster for British industry.



Eurofighter . . . held up by German budgetary difficulties

# Beatles set for new chart success

**Martin Wroe**

**THE BEATLES are about to launch a new recording career aimed at making them the world's top-selling artists — 25 years after the group broke up in acrimony. They will release nine albums over six months in three triple issues; the first is due out in November.**

**The new albums, secretly prepared during the past two years, contain up to 150 songs, none previously released, drawn from 800 tracks mainly recorded in the sixties. They include two songs recorded by John Lennon before he died and a George Harrison song, lost 30 years ago and found in a cupboard in the Abbey Road studios.**

**The project, overseen by The Beatles' original producer, George Martin, recreates an authentic sixties recording environment using 30-year-old mixing equipment and rebuilding the famous Studio Two at Abbey Road.**

**In this month's edition of the specialist title Studio Sound the surviving Beatles talk of the emotional difficulty of recording music to the taped voice of John Lennon.**

**"We just pretended that he'd gone on holiday or out for tea and had left us the tape to play with," said Ringo Starr. "That was the only way we could deal with it."**

**The first of the triple albums includes unreleased versions of "Love Me Do", "Please Please Me", "A Hard Day's Night" and "You Can't Do That". It also carries "Free as a Bird", recorded by Lennon in the seventies but never released, which is likely to be put out as a Christmas single. — *The Observer***

# Yard reviews Kenya killing

**Duncan Campbell**

THE father of Julie Ward, who was murdered in Kenya seven years ago, has suggested that Britain should withhold overseas aid if Kenya refuses a new investigation into his daughter's death.

Meanwhile, Scotland Yard said they are reviewing new information on the killing.

A man who claims he witnessed the killing says a Kenyan politician, a senior police officer and a man who knew the Kenyan president were involved in torturing and killing her.

It is claimed that Ms Ward, a publishing assistant aged 27 on a six-month safari trip, was killed because she saw a training camp for government death squads, or witnessed a drugs transaction.

It is alleged she was tortured to find out what she had seen before being killed with a tribal wooden club.

Her father, Suffolk hotelier John Ward, who has spent much of his life since 1988 trying to trace the killers, believes the witness, ex-police officer Valentine Kodipo, could hold the key to the murder. He wants Scotland Yard officers to fly to Kenya to continue the investigation.

Mr Kodipo claims he was in the Masai Mara game reserve with a group which included a senior politician, a senior police officer and a confidant of President Daniel arap Moi when the events took place. He claims Ms Ward was whipped and tortured as the men demanded to know what she had seen.

Eventually, he claims, a well-known killer was instructed to finish her off. Mr Ward says he has since confronted that man, but he said nothing, although "he didn't deny it".

# GPs win on night calls

**David Hencke**

SERIOUS disruption to the family doctor service was averted last week when Stephen Dorrell, the Health Secretary, conceded a new deal on night calls for the country's 30,000 GPs.

He agreed to a relaxation of the rules which will allow individual GPs to contract out the calls to other doctors.

The Government is also to make available £45 million to develop GP co-operatives, rural services and facilities by commercial deputising services — which could see more centres opening to handle night calls. A public education campaign will encourage patients to think twice before calling the doctor.

The British Medical Association general medical services committee decided there was no need for a ballot on action.

Dr Ian Bogle, the chairman, said it was "a good deal for patients and doctors in meeting all the six points we have raised with the secretary of state."

Under the deal, doctors have also been promised that their national review body will price the cost of providing an out of hours calls service next year.

Each doctor will receive a £20 consultation fee for every patient seen between 10pm and 8am, and a £2,000 payment to each practice providing an out of hours service.

● Ministers have abandoned their goal of no national pay rises for health workers, calling instead for a "minimal" increase to be awarded by the pay review bodies, *writes David Brindle.*

The move confirms the marked change of tactics by the Department of Health that contributed last month to the provisional settlement of this year's pay dispute.

# Labour to back town hall power

Rebecca Smithers

LABOUR is planning a sweeping reorganisation of local government which would hand back power to town halls and scrap the favoured Conservative practice of forcing councils to put services out to tender.

Central to Labour's plans is the setting of tough standards to improve services of all councils in England and Wales, with the offer of bonus payments where targets are met. The move is intended to deflect Tory accusations of a return to local government inefficiency.

The detailed proposals are set out in Renewing Democracy, Rebuilding Communities, the party's policy statement for this month's party conference.

Although Labour has been strongly critical of the expense and inefficiency of compulsory competitive tendering — whereby councils are required by law to put work out to tender — it was not clear whether Labour would go so far as to scrap it completely.

The party has decided to replace it, however, with a local performance programme which would involve setting targets to secure the best possible services, with pressure for continuous improvement.

Labour proposes that the Audit Commission's new indicators of performance should be used as a benchmark, allowing people to complain when targets are not met. The Audit Commission itself, which monitors local government, would have a beefed-up role, incorporating a standards inspectorate.

Labour makes it clear that it is prepared to give councils complete freedom in choosing the best way to get streets cleaned or rubbish collected, whether this is done directly, through contracts with private contractors, through partnerships, or arrangements with voluntary bodies.

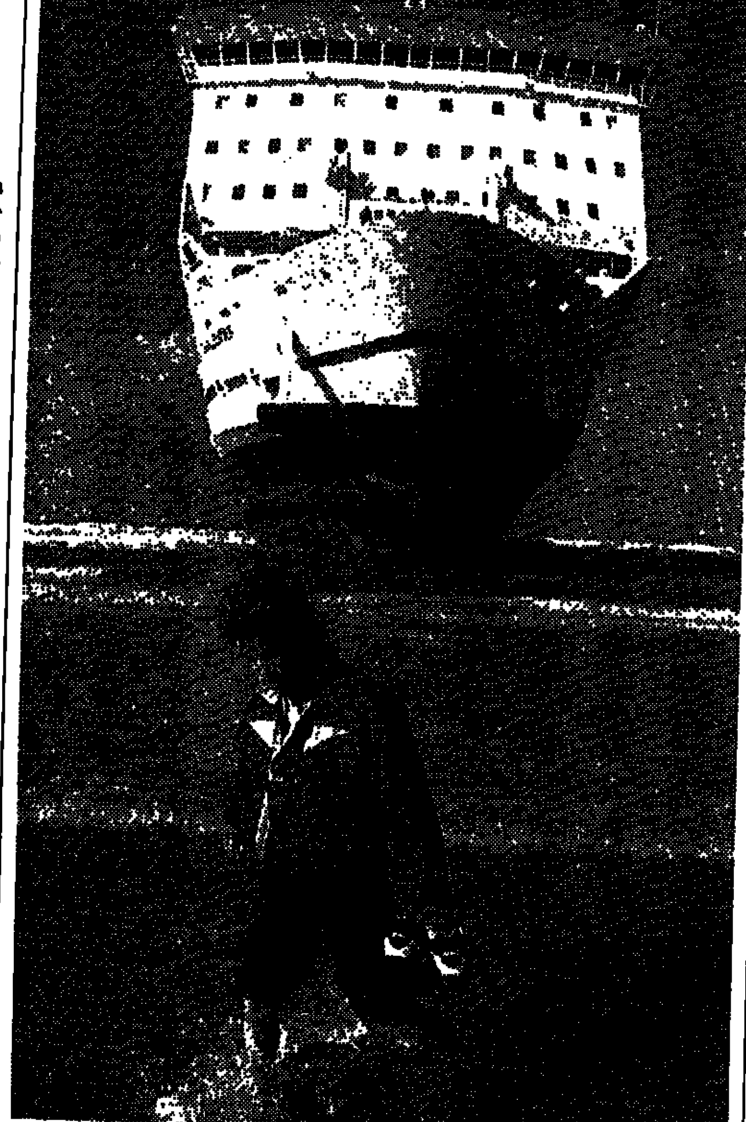
But it believes that the choice should be left to the elected councils which are answerable to local people, and that the trend away from decision-making by elected representatives and towards appointed bodies such as quangos should be halted.

Among the other changes planned is greater transparency of central government funding, with a more open and fair system of deciding how funds are allocated. The business rate would be returned to local control.

● Tony Blair moved to distance Labour further from its image as a tax and spending party by hinting tax cuts under a Labour government.

To assuage business fears that Labour could be prone to the inflationary excesses of the past, Mr Blair said a Labour government would set as tough an inflation target as the Government, 2.5 per cent or less.

Details of a big element of Labour's revenue-raising plans — a one-off windfall tax on the excess profits of the privatised utilities — were announced on Monday by Gordon Brown, the shadow chancellor. Observers believe they could secure up to £3 billion for the Exchequer, but the industries warned consumers would face higher charges.



A boy paddles in front of the stricken ferry PHOTO: PASCAL ROSSIGNOL

# Ferry passengers to sue

PASSENGERS on a cross-Channel ferry which ran aground off the French coast said last week they would be suing for compensation after being stranded on a sandbank for almost 24 hours, *write Alex Duval Smith and Sally Weale.*

The Stena Challenger's passengers criticised the lack of information they were given during their ordeal, but praised efforts by the crew.

Shaun Lambert, aged 27, of Ramsgate, Kent, who was on business carrying a consignment of footwear, said the passengers had received a free bottle of Scotch and a packet of cigarettes. His company would be seeking compensation.

Stena Sealink and the Calais port authorities were embroiled in a furious row over responsibility for the grounding as human error emerged as the most likely cause.

The row erupted after Maurice Storey — Stena's ship and port manager — revealed that officials in Calais had ordered the 18,500-tonne ferry to wait in open sea in gale force winds while a P & O ferry left its berth.

A spokesman for the Calais port authorities, Gerard Barron, confirmed that the Challenger had been asked to wait for 10 minutes before it grounded. He denied responsibility. "A boat like that should be capable of staying in a holding position in any conditions for up to 24 hours."

Divers could find no damage to the ferry and mechanical error has been ruled out. An inquiry is under way.

## In Brief

THE Government is planning staff cuts of up to 40 per cent at GCHQ as part of a big shake-up of its secret electronic eavesdropping headquarters in Cheltenham.

A BELFAST-born college lecturer who was called an "Irish prat" and "Gerry Adams" by colleagues has been awarded nearly £30,000 in compensation by an industrial tribunal.

SEVERANCE packages of up to £300,000 are being negotiated by top civil servants at the new Department of Education and Employment as ministers seek to gain a "merger dividend" by cutting jobs.

MUSLIM newspaper editors boycotted a meeting for the ethnic minority media at the Commission for Racial Equality, accusing it of taking an anti-Muslim stance.

NEW ZEALAND has revoked the residency permit of John Gallagher, who was questioned recently by Scotland Yard detectives about the 1992 murder of Rachel Nickell, because he had concealed criminal activities in Britain.

A MULTI-millionaire National Lottery jackpot winner was jailed for 18 months for handling three stolen vehicles. In a separate incident, a millionaire pools winner was ordered to pay three workmates £25,000 each after a judge ruled he had reneged on a gentleman's agreement to share their winnings.

EURO-SCEPTICS grimly await the next milestone in the lingering death of Britain's imperial measurement, marked by "M-day" this weekend when more everyday goods fall victim to compulsory metrification.

HUNGARIAN-born businessman George Soros pledged $15 million to help refugees in the Balkans, the biggest charitable donation to those involved in the conflict.

THOUSANDS of dead seabirds were washed ashore on the Humberside coast, victims of a 28-mile oil slick.

ANTI-VEAL trade protesters at the Essex port of Brightlingsea suffered over-zealous and heavy-handed policing by some officers, according to the Police Complaints Authority.

ACTRESS Julie Goodyear bid a fond farewell to the rest of the cast of the TV soap opera Coronation Street after filming her last scenes in the Rovers Return, where she has pulled pints for the past 25 years.

DONALD DAVIE, the poet and critic, died at the age of 73.

# Patten remains 'unrepentant' as HK passport row reignites

Andrew Higgins in Hong Kong

FAR from being an off-the-cuff gaffe, a call by Governor Chris Patten for Britain to grant right of abode to 3.3 million Hong Kong residents was carefully rehearsed beforehand, said aides at the weekend.

After three years as a punch bag for Beijing polemicists, Mr Patten was said to be surprised but unrepentant over the furore created within the Conservative Party by comments during Radio 4's Any Questions.

"He seemed surprised that it had reached the stratosphere of news coverage," said a senior adviser. "But he is not surprised by the list of usual suspects who rushed to comment from his own party. It did not spoil his weekend."

Such a reaction will merely add to the dismay of Mr Patten's former colleagues — and encourage the view that, like many previous governors, he has put the concerns of his immediate constituents before those of his masters in London.

Mr Patten's spokesman, Kerry McGlynn, insisted that the former Conservative Party chairman had not announced any new policy, but merely reiterated what had been the line of the Hong Kong government, but not that of London, since the Chinese government sent tanks into Tiananmen Square, Beijing, in 1989 to crush democracy protests.

Britain responded to a vociferous campaign to secure right of abode after the Tiananmen Square crackdown by allowing 50,000 heads of household to apply for full British passports.

But the Government, of which Mr Patten was then a member, firmly opposed extending this insurance policy any wider. About 3.3 million Hong Kong residents have so-called British Dependent Territory Passports, while a further 2.8 million have no travel papers, or just a certificate of identity.

Martin Lee, the leader of the Democratic Party, victor in last months's legislative elections and author of a failed no-confidence motion against Mr Patten earlier this year, said he was "glad the issue of passports had been reignited".

However, rather than revive Mr Patten's sagging authority in Hong Kong, his plea caused mostly bemused shrugs and accusations of yet more British treachery.

"He is playing pathetic political games," said Jack Edwards, a war veteran who has campaigned fruitlessly on behalf of 29 second world war widows seeking full British passports.

Few Hong Kong residents voice any desire to move to Britain, and most regard it as a refuge of last resort should China renege on its promise to maintain the territory in its current state for at least 50 years after 1997.

# Aids drugs offer hope

Tim Radford

A TRIAL of Aids treatment on 3,000 patients in Europe and Australia has been halted early because tests have been so successful.

Scientists report a 38 per cent reduction in the death rates for those patients who took the anti-Aids drug AZT in combination with another drug, compared with those who took only AZT.

AZT has so far been the only real weapon in the chemical armoury, and despite some side effects it has been shown to extend the life of Aids sufferers for up to two years, before the human immunodeficiency virus overwhelmed it. Other treatments have, like AZT, interfered with the virus's ability to replicate, but have been less successful.

The latest tests, begun in 1992 by the Medical Research Council in Britain and Ireland, and by other national agencies in Australia, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and Switzerland, involved three possibilities: treatment with AZT alone; with AZT plus didanosine (ddI); or AZT plus zalcitabine (ddC).

"This is the first really long term big study that shows a survival benefit from using these treatments," said Brian Gazzard, Britain's principal investigator. "The pessimistic view that the virus is totally untreatable is not true," said Dr Gazzard. "You can improve survival and that is good news."





# Stopping the rot in a state of decay

**Will Hutton** argues that, given the scale of demand, Britain's social security budget is modest. While the Tories preside over a growing underclass, there is an alternative — but are we willing to pay the price?

THE cross-party consensus upon which the old universal welfare state depended has been split asunder. The shared post-war belief that social insurance should provide for life's inevitable hazards and taxes should pay for collective goods like education and health is no more. In the face of a lethal cocktail of moral panic, tendentious claims about affordability and the Conservative crusade for more individualism, the forces holding the welfare state together are crumbling; we look set to abandon one of our great 20th century achievements for no good reason.

The growing pressure on the education and health systems through lack of resources is scarcely news, except that last month's exclosure rammed the point home: the leaked memo from the Education Secretary, Gillian Shephard, acknowledged underfunding, and Rodney Walker, the outgoing chairman of the NHS Trust Federation, admitted that a comprehensive and free health service could no longer be guaranteed.

Yet the quest in the November Budget is not to find these services sufficient cash to fulfil the mandate the public wants; it is to offer the minimum that is politically acceptable, and use any surplus for tax cuts. Insiders say it is only a matter of time before universities and hospitals start to go bankrupt.

That the Government is straining to exercise a choice on the public's behalf — one the latter would prefer not to make itself — speaks volumes for the character of the debate about the welfare state. Education spending or the social security budget, apparently "out of control", are no longer areas where there is a shared concern to maximise the people's welfare; instead, welfare has moved



Numbers up . . . the queues are growing outside DSS offices

to the front line of ideological argument where every fact has to be assessed for political spin.

The Conservative aim is clear. Collective provision and social insurance must be phased out and individual insurance for individual risk phased in — whether for old age, health or unemployment. The state will offer only a minimum safety net, for which access will be heavily means-tested and policed for eligibility. At a stroke this will lower taxes, promote self-reliance, improve economic competitiveness, strike at a dependent underclass — and create a political agenda that is conservative.

If all post-war governments until 1979 governed in the shadow of the Labour administration led by Clement Attlee, which oversaw the introduction of the welfare state after the second world war, now all cabinets will have to govern in the new right's shadow. They may claim a different political hue, but their choices will be conservative.

The right has been making progress for some years, but over the past two or three its advances have been spectacular. It is now common currency, as the Social Services Secretary, Peter Lilley, jubilantly says, that the growth of social security is unsustainable; and the Labour party's internal review of the welfare system, announced in July, is embroiled in the same assumptions as at the cabinet meeting at Chequers earlier this month: how is Britain to afford its welfare system?

But this assumption is most tendentious. Britain's social spending as a proportion of national output is by international standards low, and is falling down the league table. The health budget has scarcely grown by this yardstick, despite the ageing population and advances in health care. And the education budget is stagnant despite the "massification" of higher education. The social security budget, it is true, has risen from 9.5 per cent of GDP in 1979 to more than 12 per cent in 1994-95, but this is hardly "out of control".

In any case, part of the rise has been driven by the increase in National Insurance-financed pensioners and claimants of unemployment benefit; £29 billion of the £89.9 billion spent in Britain last year on social security was on the state pension and another £9 billion was spent on unemployment benefit — entitlements for which we pay our National Insurance contributions.

Purists may say the national insurance fund into which contributions are paid no longer runs along actuarial lines as an insurance fund, but that is not the point; the current recipients paid part of their earnings as "the stamp" in good faith to receive their pensions and unemployment benefits. Complaining about it retrospectively as the bill comes in is inadmissible.

Nor can the poor be blamed for the rise in housing benefit, another area of spending that is growing exponentially. It may have doubled over the past five years to more than £10 billion, but the jump is almost entirely because of government policy on local authority and housing association rents.

Under Treasury pressure the Department of Environment has raised rents on the public sector's housing stock to "market levels", while the continual withdrawal of grants from housing associations has compelled them to follow suit. Rarely can an act of policy have been so self-defeating, for as rents have risen, so has state support for low-income rent payers.

Three-quarters of local authority tenants live on less than average earnings, and housing association tenants are even poorer. The Joseph Rowntree Foundation estimates that, as a result, the DSS finds itself paying at least two-thirds of any rent increase as housing benefit. More than half the "out of control" social security budget — on pensions, unemployment and housing benefit — is easily explained.

Here reality starts to crowd in. For what is driving the rest of social security spending, as in housing benefit, is real need. The growth in income support and invalidity benefit, soon to be renamed incapacity benefit, that accounts for much of the rest of social security spending has not been propelled by government indulgence.

Britain expects its social security claimants to live on a lower income in relation to the average than any other large European country and to have their eligibility more rigorously tested; moreover, relative income has shrunk by more than 20 per cent in 15 years. It is the growth in claimants that is the problem.

And for all the moral panic about single mothers looking to the state rather than to the fathers for income, the real propellant behind social security spending is not unmarried mothers at all; it is men.

Over the past 20 years there has been a revolution in men's employment patterns. Despite the recovery, 1.6 million men remain unemployed; and more than 2 million men of working age (excluding students) are economically inactive — a number that remorselessly climbs through recessions and recoveries alike.

Nor is this any accident. The willingness to run the economy with a reserve army of unemployed to lower inflation, the weakening of trade unions and the build-up of pressure on companies to achieve impossibly high financial returns have interacted with the powerful forces of new technology and international trade to transform the prospects for men's work.

Of the 1.5 million now claiming sickness and invalidity benefit — up by 1 million since 1979 — 70 per cent are unskilled adult men. The other half of the 2.2 million economically inactive men live on scant pensions if they are eligible; if they are younger, they live on the fringes of society making what living they can in the black economy — the wellspring of the rise in crime. Others whose unemployment benefit is exhausted, live on income support.

Study after study shows that the unemployed are desperate to work. The economically inactive are desolate at their marginalisation. Yet this makes no impact on the public debate; here the media, interrogating politicians about the prospects for tax cuts, are silent.

Besides the tens of billions spent on men — a return to male full employment would save the Treasury £36 billion in social security spend-

**The real question is whether the country is prepared to pay for social cohesion**

ing and forgone taxes — the £5.5 billion spent on single parents and £6 billion on child benefit is comparatively small.

The ideas for cutting the spending — taxing child benefit and restricting allowances for more than one child — would raise trifling sums and do little to arrest the growth of a social security budget driven by demographics and the advance of poverty.

Nor is it clear that the welfare state bears the responsibility for breaking up the nuclear family. Britain's divorce rate as a Protestant country is higher than its Catholic counterparts, and superimposed upon that tendency now is the intolerable pressure placed on low-income families by the employment prospects for unskilled men. They either have no work, or if they do, the wages do not support a family. Under this strain, already fissile, marriages break.

The measures discussed at Chequers were a thousand miles away from this social reality. Lilley has steadily chipped away at the Government's future commitments, tightening the eligibility criteria on a range of benefits, so that even the cautious DSS now projects real growth of social security spending at 2 per cent per annum, slightly below the long-run growth of the economy. Conditions for the millions at the bottom of our society will become tougher still.

Yet the argument that social insurance and taxation could fund better arrangements is dismissed. That would place an intolerable burden on the taxpayer, it is alleged. But the 36.75 per cent of national output that the Government will claim in taxes this financial year is already the second lowest in Europe — despite the £15 billion of tax increases over the past two years. If tax increases are vetoed, the only way forward is to encourage private insurance, the kind of remedy Walker floated in order to save a free NHS.

Conservative strategists believe this will be popular with the middle-class voters in Middle England who will gain from tax cuts — although why they are supposed to want to pay expensive private insurance for what used to be provided more cheaply by the state, while witnessing an accompanying breakdown in social cohesion, is not obvious.

And the interests of the unemployed, single parents, the economically inactive, the low paid, the part-timers, the insecurely employed who together constitute some 60 per cent of the working population, are actively damaged by such a policy.

They do not have the wherewithal for personal insurance, even if the insurance companies would accept them as risks. They will still have to come to the state for assistance, which the state, if it does not want social breakdown, will be compelled to supply — with taxpayers' funds. Any other view is a chimera.

The forces opposing this change are split. Some want to preserve social insurance at all costs, even at the price of higher taxes. Others, a camp in which the Labour MP Frank Field is prominent, think the only way to preserve social insurance is to take the state out of the game and compel individuals to make insurance payments to a new generation of friendly societies. Compulsory private insurance thus substitutes for National Insurance, and those who cannot pay will be helped by the state.

Others believe that all benefits should be consolidated into one basic income and funded from progressive taxation. That at least would avoid the nightmare of, in effect, 80 and 90 per cent tax rates when benefit is withdrawn by means-testing as claimants' earnings rise.

With the centre and left unable to rally around a single programme and quailing before the charge that even today's social spending is unaffordable, the right has been ceded the field. But its basic charge is false.

Given the scale of the demand, Britain's social security budget is modest and growing slowly. Further privatising the state's obligations may open the way to reducing taxes, but those who need assistance will still be there, as will the forces that have created them. Indeed, they will have been intensified.

The real question is whether the country is prepared to pay the price of social cohesion; and if it is not squarely put, nobody should be surprised if it is not answered.

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# Great stride towards peace

IT'S A YEAR late, 400 pages long and comes with maps that make the West Bank look like a very holey cheese. It has been denounced by militants on each side as a surrender to the other. It is only the second phase of an interim stage which has yet to be followed by a final settlement. It could be blown up, literally, by a handful of terrorist bombs. Yet the success of the deal at the weekend on the extension of Palestinian rule in the territories occupied since 1967 by Israel does not depend in the end on maps or fine print but on the momentum which it imparts and on where it will lead. By these criteria, the agreement is indeed a great step forward even though the ground ahead is treacherous. For the first time the ultimate goal can be discerned of (whisper it very quietly) . . . a Palestinian state.

The figures on territorial control are malleable as always. Disappointed Palestinian critics complain that the big towns over which the Palestinian Council will have full control only comprise about 30 per cent of the West Bank — not to mention the special problems posed by Hebron. Yet that it already a quantum leap forward from the present situation where the Palestinians only control Gaza — which Israel is glad to be rid of — and the sleepy town of Jericho. Will the Israeli army really to be able roll back into all the areas it is now to vacate?

The situation in the bulk of the West Bank where Israel will withdraw its troops but retain overall security powers is more difficult. The Palestinian police will have no authority to arrest Israelis even when they are caught red-handed. Some settlers declare that they will regard a Palestinian police block as a "terrorist" act to be opposed with force. Yet it is a measure of the profound shift in balance that the most evident threat now comes from the settlers, not from those previously labelled as terrorists. The first reaction from Hamas has been relatively restrained (though it has to be recognised that the movement is split and a more violent response may emerge). Other definite pluses in the agreement include the voting rights given — if only by the back door — to the residents of East Jerusalem.

The most significant words come from Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin rather than from the text of the agreement. He has told his cabinet that it means "an end of the hallucination of a Greater Israel". At the weekend he announced that the goal was "a state of Israel as a Jewish state . . . and beside us, a Palestinian entity not under our rule". Mr Rabin could not put it any more clearer and still have a chance of winning next year's elections. Just how the alternative vision can be translated into maps which make sense remains difficult and dangerous. It is vital that the new timetable is not allowed to drag as badly as the old. But as the settlers understand very well, the abandonment of one dream leaves a void for another — whether called entity or state.

# That nuclear club buzz

THE NUCLEAR club is a real club as far as the United States, Britain and France are concerned. They may not tell one another all their secrets around the bar, but they do swap information of a significant nature. The claim that Britain is receiving data from the current French nuclear tests, has been officially denied. Yet it only goes one stage further than what is publicly admitted by the Ministry of Defence and well known in Washington. It will be very surprising if Britain does not gain some data as a result of these tests.

Britain has had long standing contacts with France "on a range of issues relating to nuclear forces including technical matters", the MoD stated in a memorandum dated May 9 of this year. These include discussion on computer simulation and on laser plasmic and hydrodynamic experiments designed to enhance "the alternative means of maintaining a nuclear warhead capability". In other words, both Britain and France (as well as the US) share the same aim: to keep the bomb indefinitely after a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (CTBT) has been signed. To do so they have a common interest in developing simulation techniques which will enable them to "test without testing".

The official French reason for their current test programme is to "acquire the data necessary for the calibration of simulated explosions". Their simulation programme is to be based in a massive laser laboratory now under construction, with US technical advice, near Bordeaux. The US connection, reported by the Washington Post, extends further to the provision of computer "codes" into which simulation data can be inserted to confirm that it is correct. US nuclear cooperation with France has in the past included the development of weapons and nuclear-targeting coordination as well as issues of design safety. US-British co-operation is much better known.

The French maintain that their laboratory programme will be reliable only if France's warheads have been tested first to provide "benchmarks" against which subsequent simulation may be measured. Are we to suppose that the data derived from the current tests, as it relates to simulation, will be excluded from the information exchanged with Britain and the US? Or will Britain insist on not receiving any data which derives from Mururoa? It may be argued that such exchanges of information, whatever their source, should be applauded if they help to improve simulation techniques which will help sustain a comprehensive treaty. Closer co-operation has been recommended by the House of Commons defence committee in a recent report. But the purpose of such co-operation is surely to avoid the need for testing, not to supplement it, and there must be a suspicion that France's nuclear partners may not be too unhappy to acquire additional data in this way. Britain's reluctance to criticise France can only encourage further scepticism.

If France is serious about seeking a final end to testing, there is a different kind of data which it should be passing on — the actual details of the current tests as (and preferably before) they are carried out. Scientists now working on ways of detecting any future violation of a CTBT will find such information of enormous help. Data on yield, location, depth, geology and water tables of the Mururoa tests will enable them to calibrate more clearly what is required in a future verification scheme. The other nuclear powers should do the same with details of their previous test series which have so far been revealed only patchily if at all. If future testing is really to end, then it is time to open the books on the past.

# Beware the age of verbal terrorism

THE UNABOMBER is deadly serious even if the case of this elusive US terrorist has strayed into very bizarre territory. Last week the Washington Post published the anonymous bomber's 35,000 word manifesto, sharing the cost with the New York Times. Penthouse had offered to do so while they were still hesitating. But it was decided this would not deter his threat to deliver another bomb "with intent to kill" — as he has done successfully three times before. When the newspapers received his essay on "Industrial Society and its Future", the FBI circulated it to social scientists on university campuses. But though the author's polemic against technology displays an unusual anti-left hostility it revealed no special clues.

What then is the justification for publishing this manifesto, and will it not encourage similar copycat crimes in the future? Governments refuse to give in to blackmail in cases of hijack or kidnapping, although they may deal at the margin if it can be done quietly. This case is unusual because the US government — through the attorney general and FBI — actually requested publication and the two newspapers have accepted its argument that this should be done for reasons of "public safety". These reasons must be very powerful to induce such action.

Newspapers may of course treat each case on its merits without needing to enunciate a policy. But the media are generally very wary, and rightly so, of giving space to those convicted or suspected of serious crime. This particular case has generated enormous interest and the arguments of the Unabomber manifesto could legitimately be reported and discussed at length. But the Washington Post has done something quite different by printing it in full. It is a dangerous precedent and any repetition should be resisted — wherever it may occur.

# Looking for dazzling satire in cyberspace

**Guilt drove Private Eye's Ian Hislop to try the joys of the Net but he found he'd prefer another drink**

I RECENTLY published a cartoon in Private Eye showing two sad-looking teenagers looking into a computer screen. One was saying "Wow! Trevor's found a way to trainspot on the Internet!" Many of our readers found this hugely amusing, but some of the more computer-literate ones complained. This was typical, they said, of the negative stereotyping of Net-users by ill-informed people.

The magazine was obviously trying to suggest that the Internet was only for use by social inadequates. Worse still, the hurt readers pointed out, this was blatant hypocrisy in my case since Private Eye actually has a home-page on the Net. If so-called anoraks are such pathetic people then why is the magazine catering for them on the Web?

This is a fair point and the answer is simply that the person who runs the computers in the magazine's office thinks that the Net is important. Whereas most cartoonists and writers still find it useful mainly as a source of good jokes, I did however feel sufficiently guilty about my Luddite tendencies to accept an offer to be taken around and shown the joys of the Web.

It is difficult to know where to begin when confronted by the mass of stuff that is out there, so we began with humour. Are there jokes on the Internet as well as ones about it? Well, there is a cartoonist called Zakour whose gag that day involved two men looking into a computer screen. One of them was saying to the other: "I don't have the foggiest idea what the Perl programme does and I only wrote it yesterday."

You can call up the work of other cartoonists so we looked at some old Peanuts strips. These were accompanied by a lot of background information about Peanuts, including the news that Snoopy was becoming a big hit in Egypt. There were some other cartoon characters in this directory with names like Dilbert and Drabble but since it was all getting very American, I suggested we try something more British.

No sooner said than done and there we were looking at some of the British comedy pages. There was a quiz about A Fish Called Wanda. There was a list of books about British TV comedy series. There was even a section devoted to Are You Being Served? I had no idea that Frank Thornton, the actor who played Captain Peacock in the series, was due to make a visit to New York and that for $30 I could meet him there. On closer inspection, this bulletin turned out to be a year out of date but at least someone cared enough to enter it in the first place.

There was little to be found about Angus Deayton, though strangely I was not too bothered by this and we moved swiftly on to the Stephen Fry home page. Here you can enjoy a picture of Stephen with his new blond hair-style and listen to his voice saying "Welcome and thanks for looking." At least I think that is what he says, the sound was not too clear.

Then you can read that Stephen admires Damon Albarn from Blur and Martina Navratilova and that you can send him some e-mail. Apparently he will reply to this even though 500 people send him messages each week. "It is great for getting through to celebrities," I was assured, which conjured up extraordinary pictures of famous people devoting hours of their glamorous lives to sitting in front of screens replying to e-mail.

There is a lot of background material for fans here but I was hoping to find something original, something existing on the Net in its own right. This proved difficult. After tapping in satire as a general heading we were transferred to the FreeThought Web. This sounded promising but first out of the machine was "50 Fun Things for Non-Christians to Do in Church". (You could "hide a copy of Hustler in the pulpit".)

**At present, wading through the electronic verbal diarrhoea is a desultory experience**

After leaving this fun and tapping into conspiracy, we managed to get a very long letter from an anarchist who had missed out the word "to" in his last communication and was very keen to emphasise the importance of putting the "to" back in so as not to miss his point. The magazine Scallywag, which failed to survive in the real world, is out there banging away in the virtual one. No one sues. Presumably no one cares.

There is another satirical magazine, Flames, designed for the Net, of which people speak highly. I called up a piece about Camelot and the lottery, which was quite interesting but gained nothing from being on-screen rather than in any other medium.

By this stage I could feel my helper sensing that I had yet to be convinced about the Net, so he tried some of the more serious stuff. There were American newspapers on-line. There was the electronic Daily Telegraph on the screen. There was a map of Bosnia. There was a map of the London Underground. You could download trailers for new films. There were political and environmental groups on the Web. It was expanding all the time. It would be linked up to everything else. It was the future.

He is probably right. But in the present, wading through the electronic verbal diarrhoea is a desultory experience. Any newspaper, book, magazine, TV programme, compact disc, phone-call or conversation with another human being seems to be more satisfying and more effective. Under the heading on the browser Netscape there was a service for Foot Fetishists with lots of pictures of feet. I kept thinking of the other Eye cartoon which offended some of our readers. It was of a happy looking man with a moustache sitting in a pub. He was saying to himself: "Shall I have another pint or shall I go home and surf the Inter-

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# The Beetle's punctured pride

**Volkswagen's employees used to be the aristocrats of European labour. Now they are the victims of intense global rivalry, writes Jonathan Steele**



**All *heil* the 'people's car' . . . Hitler lays the foundation stone of Volkswagen's Wolfsburg car plant in 1938**

TIME was when Volkswagen stood supreme as Germany's symbol of industrial power and export-led growth. Reliable, efficient, economical, its products' virtues were admired by customers and competitors alike.

Its Beetle became the world's best-selling car. Inside the factory at Wolfsburg, the largest car plant in Europe, workers enjoyed pay, conditions and bonuses that were the envy of trade unions everywhere.

Now the tide has turned, and the executive committee of IG Metall, the company's main union, has accepted a pay settlement which virtually throws overtime out of the window.

The bitter reality of the global market which has been destroying jobs in the affluent north as companies relocate production to lower-cost countries in Asia and the south has been slow in dawning on the Germans. But the message is beginning to hit home, and the new wage agreement at Volkswagen, matched by deals at other car plants in Germany, is the clearest sign so far.

"Wages and social benefits can't grow as they used to. Germany has reached the ceiling," says a senior source in the economics ministry in Lower Saxony, where five of VW's six factories are located.

"The company that breathes" is the soundbite invented by VW's personnel director, Peter Hartz, for the new set-up. When order books are slack, VW's lungs contract, and staff will work as little as 28 hours a week. When demand revives, workers will have to put in an extra 10 hours. But here's the rub. They will get no extra cash for it.

The hidden thrust behind the slogan is that a company which does not breathe will die. The workforce at VW's Wolfsburg plant has already shrunk naturally by 20 per cent over the last decade, and the unions have been fighting to stop compulsory redundancies.

"The deal makes sense, but it's not enough. The company needs to cut costs further," says Professor Daniel Jones of the Cardiff Business School, an expert on the world car industry. "Wolfsburg is a dinosaur, a legacy of the past . . ." Wage costs in the German car industry are twice as high as Britain's, and 20 per above Japan's.

Wolfsburg is certainly one of the last great company towns in Europe. Its 130,000 people are almost entirely dependent on the factory, and any car which is not a VW attracts hostile stares. Until Germany was re-unified five years ago, the town was in a cul-de-sac, just a few miles from the barbed-wire border that divided Europe. But Wolfsburg was impressive. These are not workers' cottages in the shadow of the mill, but modern housing estates with beautifully tended lawns, attractive kindergartens, plenty of trees.

Ironically, VW's workers can thank the British car-maker, William Rootes, for their good fortune. Without him, the plant might never have been revived after the war.

Wolfsburg was in north Germany, in the occupation zone assigned to Britain. Two-thirds of the factory was in ruins as a result of Allied bombing, and it would have been logical to scrap it: why rebuild an industry that would inevitably compete with Britain?

Besides, the Volkswagen (people's car) had always been closely associated with Hitler. He saw it as a concept for creating jobs in depression-torn Germany and cementing his popularity by rendering the car, until then a luxury item, accessible to every ordinary family. Initially, Hitler called the car KdF, an abbreviation for strength through joy, because it would "fill the broad masses of our people with strength and joy", as he put it when he opened the Wolfsburg plant.

Only a few thousand VW's were ready by the time the war began, and production at Wolfsburg soon switched to military vehicles, in particular a four-wheel drive version. Its air-cooled engine turned it into a brilliant all-weather construction, able to survive the fierce winters during the invasion of Russia.

After the war, Lord Rootes was asked to review the plant's potential. British officers liked the VW models they had had a chance to drive, as well as the all-weather military version. But the distinguished car-maker saw no value in the Beetle, either as something Britain could take over for its own benefit or as a competitor. He concluded it would die in two years. The car, he wrote, "is too ugly and too loud".

After that Olympian judgment, the factory got the green light to re-open with the single purpose of providing a few German workers with what were seen as temporary jobs. Too bad for Lord Rootes that the Beetle went on in 1972 to overtake Henry Ford's Model T as the world's most successful car.

Meanwhile, VW's employees gradually became the aristocrats of European labour, driving the German economic miracle — and themselves — to a level of unprecedented prosperity. It lasted for two decades, until the Japanese and the South Koreans started to move up in the fast lane.

The first blow to VW's unions came during the 1993 pay round. Company chairman Ferdinand Piech warned that 30,000 jobs would have to go. The alternative, offered by the union, was a dramatic system of job-sharing, in which the working week would be cut from 36 hours to 28.8.

Pay would not be cut by an equivalent 20 per cent, but the unions accepted a drop of between 11 and 15 per cent, depending on grades. The unions were happy to have traded pay for jobs, and Volkswagen's new "four-day week" was trumpeted by many analysts.

The shorter working week became the 1990s model for avoiding mass lay-offs. For governments, it had the advantage that they avoided the cost of financing the unemployed. Companies did not have to pay redundancy compensation. Unions accepted a new form of solidarity by means of job-sharing.

"You must have workers with motivation," says Georgios Arwanitidis, spokesman for IG Metall in Lower Saxony. "If people are constantly worried about lay-offs, they won't co-operate with efforts at rationalisation. You can't measure the benefit in marks and pfennigs. But companies realise that mass redundancies don't help them."

KLAUS WENZEL began at Wolfsburg as a 15-year-old apprentice in 1971. His wife's parents both work there. But if the 28.8-hour week had not been adopted, they would have been among the 30,000 laid off.

"Job-sharing is the only solution," he says. "I saved my in-laws' jobs. I treat that as solidarity." They partly repay him by buying their grandchildren's clothes. The pay cuts have left Klaus and his wife shorter of cash than they used to be. They took their usual holiday to the Baltic coast this year, but spent less.

His gross monthly pay of DM4,750 ( £2,160) reduces to take-home pay of DM2,900 ( £1,340).

Rolf Behr works in the section where sheet metal is pressed into the car's body shape. His 20-year-old son wanted to join VW but the company now takes on only a few apprentices. Germany's youth training schemes may be much more advanced than Britain's, but they still do not cater for demand.

"Young people in general see no future," Behr comments. "So now we try to educate people longer to give them a better chance, but it doesn't help much." Wolfburg's unemployment rate, 16 per cent, is well above the German average, and many of the job-seekers are young.

The new wage settlement claws back some lost money. VW will pay a 4 per cent wage increase over the 19 months starting next January, plus extra payments from now until the end of the year. The package amounts to a 2.5 per cent annual rise, slightly above the current level of inflation.

In return, the union has agreed to cut the amount of paid time taken every hour for breaks from the production conveyor belt. But the main concession is the surrender of overtime payments, allowing the company the chance to increase the working week to 38.8 hours. "Work flexibility" has joined "job-sharing" as the second new watchword of the union movement.

Every worker will be given "employment cheques". They will look like Eurocheques, but instead of a cash amount they will record the amount of overtime hours performed. This can be swapped for free time, or saved over a number of years to justify early retirement.

Peter Hartz declines to cost the exact benefit to Volkswagen. Other company sources have suggested productivity could rise by between 5 and 7 per cent. But chairman Piech points out that the company's capacity is well above foreseeable demand, implicitly suggesting that the workforce is too large.

VW's workers are helped by the fact that the government of Lower Saxony owns 20 per cent of VW's shares. This gives its premier, Gerhard Schroeder, a leading member of the Social Democratic Party, a seat on VW's supervisory board. Under the German system, large companies have boards with powerful union representation, a formula that has long made German business decision-makers less confrontational than Britain's.

The VW case goes one better than other companies since the unions and the government have a majority on the supervisory board. Although by tradition these boards do not intervene in wage negotiations, they have to be consulted on decisions whether to have mass lay-offs and close plants, as well as whether to relocate them abroad.

VW, which also owns Audi, Seat and Skoda, has long had factories abroad. Last year slightly more than half its worldwide production — 53.2 per cent — was outside Germany. But without the new agreement it would certainly have been tempted to increase this.

Other German car companies are expanding elsewhere. BMW has opened a plant in the low-wage non-union state of South Carolina. Adam Opel is expanding in Belgium, Hungary, Poland and Britain. Mercedes has plans for three new production lines, in France, Spain and Alabama.

High German wage costs and the associated social benefits have already cut heavily into the amount of foreign investment in Germany. In 1971 foreigners invested DM3,100 million, about the same as by Germans outside Germany (DM3,300 million). By last year the figures were dramatically different. Foreign investment in Germany had crept up to DM5,100 million, while Germans were sending abroad seven times more than they used to (DM23,800 million).

The debate over how far Germany can afford wages so much higher than its neighbours has begun to provoke a furious argument within the opposition SPD, provoking a split over the M-word, modernisation — just as in the British Labour party. The modernisers argue that flexibility is the name of the new game.

IG Metall accepts this, but the pace must not be too reckless. German companies should not neglect their internal market, where German producers are also German companies' best consumers. "This still has to be the basis of the German economy," says Arwanitidis. "We can never reduce our wages to the level of Romania."

## In Brief

**THE JAPANESE finance minister, Masayoshi Takemura, and the Bank of Japan governor, Yasuo Matsushita, appealed for calm on the financial markets following news that Daiwa Bank posted losses of about $1.1 billion in unauthorised bond trading in New York.**

**TIME WARNER overtook Walt Disney and reclaimed its ranking as the world's biggest media and entertainment company by buying Turner Broadcasting System for $7.5 billion.**

**JAPAN unveiled a huge £89 billion stimulus package, its most ambitious yet, in an effort to pull the economy out of the doldrums after four years of slump.**

**THE Government's campaign to talk up economic recovery suffered a setback as the Central Statistical Office revealed that Britain's trade deficit with countries outside the EU was at its worst in almost three years.**

**SIR Alistair Morton, Eurotunnel's chairman, has slapped a £1 billion "claim on contract" against the firms involved in building and equipping the debt-ridden Channel tunnel project.**

**NAT WEST, Britain's biggest banking group, is set to raise up to $6 billion with the sale of its US-based Nat-West Bancorp after acknowledging that the 330-branch operation is too small to compete effectively in the cut-throat North American retail banking market. American Express also unveiled its plans to sells its US banking arm for an estimated $1 billion.**

**NEWS International, the giant media corporation headed by Rupert Murdoch, and the Net Brasil subsidiary of the Brazilian media empire Globo are to launch a joint satellite operation.**

**BANK of Scotland became the first foreign financial institution to take over an Australian clearing bank with the £437 million acquisition of BankWest.**

## FOREIGN EXCHANGES

| | Sterling rates September 18 | Sterling rates September 25 |
|---|---|---|
| Australia | 2.0422-2.0463 | 2.0946-2.0998 |
| Austria | 16.16-16.22 | 15.79-15.83 |
| Belgium | 47.24-47.34 | 46.17-46.28 |
| Canada | 2.1068-2.1098 | 2.1133-2.1163 |
| Denmark | 8.89-8.90 | 8.72-8.73 |
| France | 7.90-7.91 | 7.77-7.78 |
| Germany | 2.2967-2.2998 | 2.2446-2.2477 |
| Hong Kong | 11.96-11.97 | 12.14-12.15 |
| Ireland | 0.9781-0.9807 | 0.9777-0.9802 |
| Italy | 2,487-2,490 | 2,538-2,541 |
| Japan | 160.01-160.27 | 156.86-157.13 |
| Netherlands | 2.5728-2.5761 | 2.5148-2.5181 |
| New Zealand | 2.353-2.357 | 2.3788-2.3817 |
| Norway | 10.02-10.04 | 9.88-9.90 |
| Portugal | 238.26-238.80 | 235.84-236.17 |
| Spain | 196.23-196.52 | 195.21-195.60 |
| Sweden | 11.07-11.09 | 10.97-10.99 |
| Switzerland | 1.8708-1.8735 | 1.8066-1.8094 |
| USA | 1.5460-1.5470 | 1.5710-1.5720 |
| ECU | 1.2251-1.2266 | 1.2123-1.2138 |

FTSE100 share index down 39.8 at 3507.0. FTSE 250

Letter from Macedonia Graham Witt

# Where Marx goes to market

I HAVE returned to Macedonia after a break of seven years. Then it was part of Yugoslavia. Politically it was socialist, but it had a mixed economy. Now, along with the rest of eastern Europe, it is capitalist. As before, café talk is of prices but also of *privatizacija*.

There were always people selling things on the streets but this side of the economy has now mushroomed. The *tutini* — two cubic metres plastic boxes with windows and sunshades — are everywhere, selling toys, clothes and hardware as well as the fast food, magazines, bus tickets and cigarettes that used to be their stock in trade.

Brand names are in the ascendant: the shops have been brightened up and sell Reebok, Benetton, Cadbury's and Whiskas. Instead of the atrocious OrWo film that was all you could get seven years ago, I now have a choice of Kodak, Agfa, Fuji or Konica. On the streets, the earlier unremitting flow of Yugoslav built *zastavas* has been enlivened by Citroëns, Renaults, Toyotas, Opels and Volkswagens.

The big change has been in the prices. Whereas before I, like many Macedonians, could live carefully on about £2.50, now an afternoon snack of *boza* (fermented millet drink) and *tulumba* (a sticky cake) sets you back about £2. And a coffee, that staple of Balkan life, will cost at least 60p.

The pace of reform, however, is considerably more cautious than in, say, Russia. Indeed, there are still *Marks i Engels* and *Leninova* streets, as well as many named after various dates in the communist calendar. Pictures of Tito no longer grace the post office or bus stations, but they can be found in privately owned shops.

Although there is some unemployment, the government seems to want to minimise the impact on the people. Inflation is quite negligible, in contrast to recent years when it was measured in percentage points per day.

THE TWO principal forms of housing are the apartment blocks, usually with sufficient grass and trees between them to entice the inhabitants to sit out on long summer evenings; and the extended family houses, where as many as four generations may live, each nuclear family unit having its own rooms.

These are nearly always surrounded by intensively worked plots of corn, capsicums, pumpkins, tomatoes and onions, with perhaps some sunflowers or gladioli for colour.

The capital, Skopje, lies in a bowl surrounded by mountains, and in the summer the heat is unrelieved by any breeze. So, along with everyone else who can afford it, I escaped to Ohrid, a beautiful town that manages to combine the roles of Unesco heritage site and lakeside resort.

Many visitors here are Macedonian-born Australians or North Americans boosting their homeland's economy with a holiday in the old country.

Non-Macedonian visitors were always a minority, but now my ungrammatical Macedonian marks me out as an object of fascination to be regaled with friendly questions about what brings me here.

Does the threat of war keep foreigners away? A more peaceful country would be hard to imagine. The telephone centre is no longer full of conscripts phoning home, as in Yugoslavia days, or patrolling the shopping centres with machine-guns. The army is present but no more in evidence than in any other western country. The United Nations keeps a similarly low profile, and so enjoys the support of nearly everyone I've talked to.

As for Macedonia harbouring aggressive intentions towards its neighbours, the only nationalism I see is a fierce love of the land, the language and the music: even pop music here uses the traditional seven-beat rhythm. Other traditions continue, such as the *korzo* when townspeople promenade in the streets of a summer evening, to see and be seen.

Despite so many outward signs of confidence, however, my Macedonian friends feel uneasy about the future of their young country, given the unpredictability of Balkan politics.

Way out of a dead end . . . Timothy Maltin aims to turn grave-tending into a thriving business PHOTOGRAPH: E HAMILTON WEST

# Pilgrim's progress

John Ezard

TIMOTHY MALTIN strode into the cemetery carrying nine tools, including a spade, and said: "Let's see, third grave on the right, third row from the end — bingo!" and set to work on the headstone like a dervish.

In another era he would have been mistaken for a grave robber. Instead, he is in his third month of offering a new service whose time, he thinks, has come in a Britain where Christian parishes are fading but family remembrance remains.

Mr Maltin, aged 22, is the first full-time national grave-tender. He charges £65 for two visits a year, doing what relatives or the sexton used to do on a Sunday — weed, trim, clean — and for £10-£25 extra, lay flowers.

Last week he was at St Paul's churchyard, Mill Hill, north London. Next week it could be the Hebrides, where a woman in Switzerland wants him to tidy a loved one's plot.

Mr Maltin wants to make this his career and so far he is well on course. He has almost paid off a £3,000 NatWest bank loan to start his firm.

He already has 60 clients and he is discussing contracts to refurbish two graveyards in Bristol and Wiltshire. "This is the only way to get Britain's cemeteries sorted out," said the former unemployed Newcastle university graduate.

He got the idea when he was tending his grandmother's grave and noticed how neglected nearby plots were. Churches and cemeteries estimate that a grave ceases to be cared for between five and seven years after burial. Mr Maltin finds it is now closer to three years.

The market he is tapping is among elderly relatives and those who have moved too far away to get to a cemetery. Most churches can no longer afford staff to do the job.

He has been asked to look after children's graves in Skegness and Shropshire and a sarcophagus with eight bodies in Ightham, Kent.

At Mill Hill, his assignment was the grave of parents buried 20 years ago, whose children have retired to Hampshire.

He washed bird dirt, algae and traffic carbon from the headstone. Two letters in the inscribed words "beloved husband" were getting faint. He wrote that down to send to the children with a photograph of his handiwork. "Everyone likes to have a grave looked after," he said.

# A Country Diary

Mark Cocker

UGANDA: It was the smell we noticed first — a rich nauseous odour ballooning outwards to envelope us as we moved through the trees of the Maramagambo forest. Then there was the sound: a continuous high-pitched chattering that rose in volume and intensity. As we approached, it was a sound that subdivided into thousands, even millions, of smaller sounds and became not so much a noise as an audible atmosphere that confused and surrounded us.

We had been told it was a bat cave and I was expecting a few hundred black wing-wrapped forms dormant and nearly invisible in a cave's chilly darkness. But it was not like that. Immediately on arrival at the edge of the deep round hole, I could see their dark forms moving constantly to and fro against the greater gloom of the caves. As my vision increased I realised that that deeper darkness was not merely the indistinguishable background of the cave itself; it was actually bats — bats in thousands and probably tens of thousands, bats massed in one continuous seething wall, bats in layer upon layer, bats that choked even the fissures that gaped from the cave walls and floor and ran deeper into the earth.

Once our eyes had adjusted we could make out a few of the other details. I noticed, for instance, on the cave floor that their dung had collected over the centuries (and probably over millennia) in thick layers, and ran in a black, unmoving tide towards the cave entrance. At one eerie moment we saw a solitary palm-nut vulture rise silent and alarmed from the throat of the cavern — a macabre incident rendered anomalous by the fact that it is one of the world's few vegetarian birds of prey. At another moment I noticed a single intense shaft of sunlight illuminate one bat as its long pointed red tongue licked at its diaphanous wing. As we left I had only one regret: that we should not see them leave that evening. So I imagined their emergence, a dense black velvet smoke rising triumphantly into the night.

## Notes & Queries Joseph Harker

**HOW IS it that all our spacecraft are rocket-shaped, yet any alien visitors seem to arrive in a saucer?**

ALIENS come hoping for a cup of tea. — *Tom Crow, Hillingdon, Middlesex*

CRAFT launched from the Earth's surface have to surmount the twin problems of gravity and an atmosphere about 150km deep. With existing technology this requires large boosters which can be discarded when they are exhausted and the slimmest and smoothest possible shape. Craft originating from a planet with different characteristics or which had been constructed in space itself could presumably be built to just about any design. — *Michael Hutton, London*

ROCKETS are shaped in such a way because of scientists' insecurity about the size and shape of their sexual organs. Aliens visiting Earth may or may not have a similar feeling with regards to saucers. — *Joe Twyman, Wivenhoe, Essex*

**I UNDERSTAND that under the Vichy regime, the game of Rugby League (but not Rugby Union) was outlawed. Why?**

THE Vichy government saw professional sport as having contributed to the decadence which led to France's defeat by Germany in 1940. The government department headed by Wimbledon champion Jean Borotra, a torch-bearer for amateur ideals, drew up plans to make all sport non-professional, including football, cycling and tennis, within three years. Rugby League, however, which was deemed to be merely a professional version of Rugby Union, was banned immediately. Its funds confiscated and its players made to play the 15-a-side game. It was not until after the liberation that Rugby League could be played again in France. — *Mike Rylance, Wakefield, West Yorkshire*

**HAS anybody ever tried to decimalise time? If so, what were the results?**

THE REEF upon which the decimalisation of time is doomed to founder is the Earth's unyielding 365¼-day year. The French, after their revolution, created a calendar using 10-day weeks but retained the division of the year into 12 months, each of a noticeably non-decimal three weeks. To make up the full year, they still needed the (unnumbered) Festivals of Genius, Labour, Actions, Rewards and Opinion and, every four years, the Festival of the Revolution. Widespread popular resistance to the calendar, hardly more "rational" than the one it replaced, led Napoleon to abolish it in 1806, reverting to the Gregorian calendar.

For times within the day, things are theoretically easier. One milliday is 86.4 seconds, or nearly a minute and a half; a centiday is just over a quarter of an hour and a deciday a little under two-and-a-half hours. — *Steve Cook, Nottingham*

**WHY "spitting image"?**

IN BRAZIL there is a corresponding expression, *cagado e cuspido*, and *cuspir* means "to spit". — *Severino Toscano Melo, São Paulo*

IN MY childhood in County Durham the expression used in my family was "splitten image". The derivation was from splitting something symmetrically in half so that the two parts would be similar in all respects but be mirror images of one another. — *G M Berriman, Wakefield, West Yorkshire*

IMAGE itself doesn't spit — it is spit, normally by the man who fathers the child who so resembles him. The correct term is therefore "spitten image", where "spitten" is the old past participle — I have spitten. Nowadays I have spit is more common and the term "the spit image" is also heard. — *Stanley Mason, Effretikon, Switzerland*

## Any answers?

**IS MAN the only animal that experiences baldness as a common sign of advancing age? What evolutionary advantage does this provide — or why else does it occur?** — *Andrew Myer, Newtown, NSW, Australia*

**IN ASTRONOMY, Hubble's Law states that the further away a galaxy is, the faster it is moving from us. What is the source of the accelerating force that speeds it up?** — *Steve Milton, St Leonards on Sea, East Sussex*

Answers should be e-mailed to weekly@guardian.co.uk, faxed to 0171/44171-242-0985, or posted to The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3HQ. Notes & Queries Volume 5 is now available, published by Fourth Estate, price £6.99



# HK upsets China's dreams of empire

Francis Deron in Beijing

SYMBOLIC though its immediate impact may be, the elections in Hong Kong will have a profound effect on the future of the Chinese world. For the first time, a Chinese community has expressed through the ballot box its distrust of the political system holding sway in Beijing, under whose authority it is soon going to find itself.

It has done this by electing people China refuses to accept as valid spokespersons to represent the Hong Kong population once the colony reverts to Chinese control. The advocates of a compromise with Beijing failed to persuade their constituents to back their candidates.

This is, therefore, a flat rejection of Beijing's monopolistic logic to which London has bowed: the people of Hong Hong, who have not been particularly politicised until recently, are worried about their future and have not been taken in by communist China's blandishments.

As the children of a generation that fled communism, they fear the anarchic conditions on the mainland, now that ideology has lost all its values of fair play. To them, Beijing's promises ring hollow.

The lesson is valid not only for Hong Kong. Coming on top of the Tibetan and Taiwanese crises, the elections suggest that the will of Beijing should no longer be considered the final arbiter of the fate of the communities that make up that the Chinese world; in particular, communities living on the periphery, which want to have their own say.

Beijing clearly senses this and is attempting to reassert its imperial vision as vigorously as possible. It now sees three men as symbolising the attempts to divide the empire: the Dalai Lama, Taiwan's president Lee Teng-hui, and Martin Lee, leader of Hong Kong's Democratic Party. An additional cause for alarm in Beijing is that all three are beginning to find favour with Washington.

The nationalist issue inspiring the Chinese leaders has been expressed recently on two well-publicised occasions: the 30th anniversary of the establishment of an administration in Tibet owing allegiance to Beijing; and the 50th anniversary of Japan's surrender. When it celebrated the end of the war, the Chinese government did not so much mark the victory over fascism as celebrate the first defeat of an invading army since the 19th century Opium Wars, which ushered in a period of frequent humiliations for a country that believed it was the world's only authentic state.

In the view of its leaders, China has still not emerged from a phase of history that opened in the 19th century with the encroachment on the Qing dynasty. Beijing also capitalised on the anniversary ceremonies to release information that it has always refused to disclose: the estimated cost of the Japanese occupation.

Apart from human losses, put at a minimum of 35 million Chinese dead and wounded, the material destruction, according to President Jiang Zemin, cost $100 billion in "direct" losses and $500 billion in "indirect" losses.

By producing this bill for the war, Beijing is expressing its displeasure at Tokyo's decision to suspend a part (albeit a tiny part) of its economic aid to China in protest against the nuclear tests it carried out earlier this year.

The Chinese government is also trying to show its people that it holds the Japanese responsible for the invasion and is standing up to Tokyo, which is now beginning to adopt a high international profile. The Chinese cannot openly oppose any future move to seat Japan in the United Nations Security Council. But they can try to wring even more economic concessions from Tokyo.

Nor has the Chinese Communist Party forgotten that it came into existence as the result of an agitation initially directed at Japan, which grew into a movement against all foreign powers that had appropriated advantages in China. This is fertile ground for a resurgence of a similar phenomenon.

China's internal malaise is feeding opponents who are forced to resort to external pretexts in order to threaten the regime's authority. One sign of this is the presence of an embryonic Chinese lobby that refuses to go away and is determined to claim material reparations from Japan, a subject once regarded as taboo.



A Hong Kong woman drinks herbal tea beneath a poster of Christine Loh, a popular candidate in the elections PHOTOGRAPH: VINCENT YU

For China, the present period of reconquering its old empire should end with the return of Taiwan. The only part of the Manchu empire to which Beijing cannot for the moment stake too overt a claim, however strong the temptation to do so, is Mongolia — which Mao ceded to Stalin when the regime was founded.

But this in no way prevents it from harbouring highly visible ambitions to regain, at any rate economic, control of this vast country sparsely populated by Genghis Khan's descendants.

The Chinese government, consequently, see the troubles that break out in Tibet from time to time as attempts by outsiders to destabilise it. That line was repeated over and over again during the celebrations marking the anniversary of taking over total control of Tibetan institutions in 1965, 15 years after the military annexation and six years after crushing the Lhasa uprising.

There is a price tag on this imperial logic. Beijing claims it has spent 30 billion yuan ($3.6 billion) in investments and subsidies in Tibet over a period of 30 years. Two-thirds of the money was spent between 1985 and 1995, when Chinese leaders saw that it was essential to increase aid to Tibet or risk seeing its authority threatened.

The average annual income of Tibet's rural population (who are assumed to be non-Chinese) is still only 817 yuan ($87), one-fifth the national average.

Even if they are to be accepted with caution, the figures give an idea of the efforts China is going to have to make if it wants to keep the promise it made the Tibetans in 1993 to double the local GNP by 2000.

And the election results that Hong Kong has returned, after all the diplomatic efforts Beijing made to create a good impression in the colony, are unlikely to ease the *Pax Sinica* in Tibet or lead to the referendum for which the Dalai Lama has been campaigning.

(September 21)

# Paris pulls up its EU drawbridge

EDITORIAL

CHANCELLOR Helmut Kohl likes to explain his profound attachment to European development by recalling how as a young boy right after the last war he got a kick from yanking out the posts marking the border between his native Palatinate and France. Quite a symbol.

On an inspection visit this week to the border with Belgium, President Jacques Chirac symbolically replaced the barriers that were to have been lifted under the Schengen agreement signed in 1985, under which seven European Union countries undertook to do away with their internal border controls by January 1, 1996.

France has been backing away from the treaty in several stages. First, former prime minister Edouard Balladur's interior minister, Charles Pasqua, announced that the agreement could not be applied immediately for technical reasons.

As soon as Chirac was elected to the presidency, he wanted France's partners to test again the effectiveness of their border controls. Later he used the terrorist attacks in France as a reason for seeking an extension of the transition period. This week he announced that France was not in a position to ensure the free movement of persons in the Schengen area beginning in 1996. Although he did say all the other clauses of the agreement would be honoured, the decision is clearly a blow struck at Europe.

France's official reasons cannot be dismissed out of hand. In view of current insecurity, the authorities are understandably anxious to have all the means available to prevent potential terrorists from sneaking into the country, and perpetrators of attacks from slipping out. But Chirac lumps together alleged terrorists, illegal immigrants and drug and arms traffickers in a way likely to bewilder people who need to be officially reassured.

France's European partners are not entirely free of blame. Some, like Italy, have not been admitted into the Schengen group because they are unable to guarantee strict control of their borders. With the others, co-operation is based on trust.

Isn't it unfair to consider them incapable of monitoring the European Union's external borders? Isn't it paradoxical to want to share a common currency, defence and even nuclear deterrent, then withdraw when internal security is involved?

The free movement of people provided under Schengen was a practical way of showing that European citizenship was beginning to acquire a meaning and the EU was not just one big market. Chirac's initiative is an unfortunate backward step.

(September 21)

# Hero's widow embarrasses the warmongers

Nicole Pope in Istanbul

A MONTH ago, Tomris Ozden was unknown. Today, speculation about her private life is making the front pages of the big dailies.

After her husband, a gendarmerie colonel, was killed on August 14 in a clash with PKK (Kurdish Workers' Party) fighters, Tomris refused to play the traditional part of the courageous officer's widow.

"My husband did his duty," she says, "but he did not believe the problem in the south-east would be solved by killing or being killed. I don't see him as a martyr. He is a victim of dirty politics."

Her attitude has shocked many Turks, especially in the armed forces. But the officer's widow did not stop there. On September 2 she appeared in public holding hands with the sister of a PKK activist who had also been killed. Together they made an appeal to stop the killing.

Contacted by the social democratic Republican Party of the People, she agreed to be a candidate for its executive committee in order to popularise her message of conciliation. At the September 10 party congress, Tomris was not only elected to the executive committee, but also, in spite of having little or no political experience, received the largest number of votes.

Such a success, reflecting how many Turks have changed their minds about the fighting in south-east Anatolia, which has been going on for more than 11 years, has angered those sections of the public that oppose any compromise.

Emin Cölasan, a conservative columnist of the daily Hürriyet, made a ferocious attack on the widow in an attempt to discredit her. Her neighbours, he alleged, described her as schizophrenic, and her husband's fellow officers criticised her behaviour and taste in clothes (she is young-looking, her blond hair is cut short, and she wears jeans and large earrings).

Opponents say the Ozdens were on the point of divorcing. She suspected her husband of having Aids and syphilis. In short, Cölasan told his readers that the colonel, saddled with a bad wife, practically committed suicide by throwing himself in front of the PKK's guns.

Forced to justify herself publicly, Tomris confirmed her marriage had been through a rough patch, and that she asked for a divorce when she discovered that the man to whom she had been married for 22 years, the father of her two daughters, was consorting with "loose" women. But she claimed, and here she was backed by her daughters, that they had become reconciled. "His fellow officers have killed him for a second time," she declared.

Though forced to resign from the committee, she is not alone in opposing the killing. "The number of people who think like her is increasing," noted Ertugrul Ozkök, another Hürriyet commentator.

(September 19)

# Russian mafia finds its promised land

Two grisly murders have heightened Israeli concern over the criminal activities of some of its immigrants, writes **Patrice Claude**

WHEN Israeli police visited a luxury flat in an upper-class district of Tel Aviv on May 16, they found two headless bodies — those of Sofia Moshayav, aged 67, and her grandson Siblei, aged 20.

Since the victims were of Russian origin, it immediately struck detective chief inspector Assaf Hefetz that the macabre double murder — which has no parallel in Israeli criminal records — might be connected with the thriving activities of an unwelcome newcomer to Israel: the Russian mafia.

The victims, who had emigrated from Russia two years earlier, fell prey to what the Sicilians call "transversal revenge". Sofia and Siblei's only crime was that they were the mother and son of a Russian businessman, Dimitri Moshayav, who is thought to be a leading launderer of dirty money on behalf of the *organizatsya*, or Russian mafia. David Cohen, the investigator in charge of the case, said that decapitation was a fairly widespread practice in certain circles of organised crime in Russia.

Some 170,000 Soviet citizens managed to emigrate to Israel in the seventies. Since 1989 they have been joined by almost 600,000 others. Russians — a generic term used to describe Jewish immigrants from any of the former Soviet republics — now account for 12 per cent of the population.

They have their own districts, theatres, ballet companies and orchestras. They patronise their own non-kosher supermarkets (about 500), which sell the "nostalgic" products of old Russia. They run five daily newspapers and 24 magazines.

They have their own import-export firms, manufacturing companies (about 350) and prostitutes (at least 3,000, according to police sources). And the wealthier among them even have their own private schools. So it is only normal they should also have their own criminal class. Several hundred Russians, from petty thieves to big-time gangsters, are already doing time in Israeli prisons.

On June 7, a 31-year-old Russian, Oleg Yaacobov, was arrested on suspicion of having committed the Moshayav double murder. The police mugshot shows a man with balding hair, dark thick eyebrows and thin lips — almost a caricature of a B-movie hired killer.

After 10 days of questioning, Yaacobov confessed to the killings. He had wrapped up the body of the grandmother in a blanket, and that of her grandson in a carpet. He swore he had thrown away the two heads with the garbage, after severing them with a carving knife. But they were never found by police, who suspect that Yaacobov may have had them "posted" to Russia to prove he had carried out his contract.

While investigations into the Moshayav case continue, the Israeli press has been sounding the alarm. Sarcastically paraphrasing the official speak that denounces Islamist terrorism as a "strategic danger to the state", it has referred to the Russian mafia as "a strategic danger to society".

The prestigious English-language magazine, Jerusalem Report, deplores the fact that Israel has become a perfect transit point for drug trafficking by the *organizatsya* and an ideal place to plan criminal activities.

The Israeli police's first round-up of Russian mafiosi came in 1972. A machine-gun-toting "family" — in the Sicilian sense of the word — had tried to seize control of a prostitution ring in Tel Aviv. The press talked of "gang warfare". Quite of lot of people died, but the mafia failed.

"Our good old home-grown gangsters managed to hang on to their pitch," remembers a policeman. "They control the prostitution business, while sub-contracting the supply of raw material to the Russians."

In October 1993 police arrested Yaakov Korakin, who was described as the biggest drug trafficker ever caught in Israel and said to have connections with Colombian cartels working with Russians.

In the course of the same inquiry, 1,150kg of pure cocaine were seized in St Petersburg, and Moscow police broke up a white slave-trade network. Several hundred women between 17 and 25 had flooded in from Bielarus, Ukraine and Russia's further reaches in answer to advertisements which promised them big gains in Tel Aviv massage parlours.

The pheuomenon steadily gathered momentum. On June 28, after a nine-day trip to Moscow, Kiev and Budapest aimed at strengthening ties with the Russian, Ukrainian and Hungarian police departments, detective chief inspector Hefetz and his colleagues painted a grim picture at a press conference in the reception lounge of Ben Gurion Airport. Commandant Yossi Levy said strong and swift action needed to be taken, as routine police activities could no longer cope. There had to be concerted action by the security, immigration and tax authorities.

During the summer, the police prepared for battle. In August a special unit to fight international crime was set up, and 46-year-old Dr Baruch Ben Neria, a former Israeli ambassador to Georgia and Armenia, and an expert on Russian history, was assigned to Tel Aviv's central police intelligence unit. Ever since, it has been an offence to publish his picture.

According to Hefetz, $4 billion of the $30 billion ferried out of the former Soviet Union by the *organizatsya* and its rivals in the past few years is thought to have been invested in Israel. The lack of any restrictions on the international movement of funds to or from Israel makes the country an ideal base for money laundering.

On top of that, there is no legislation in Israel against laundering as such. And the so-called "right of return" — the fundamental law of Zionism that allows all foreigners to settle as long as they can prove they have at least one Jewish grandparent — enables immigrants to bring in as much capital as they want.

Unless the individual has a police record or is extremely suspect, no questions are asked about the origin of imported funds, and no police investigations are allowed. The police would like to see that legislation changed and, if possible, the right of return reviewed.

It is common knowledge that with the post-Soviet administration in chaos it is about as easy for a Russian to obtain false papers indicating the existence of a Jewish grandparent as it is to buy a litre of vodka.

"Two years ago the price tab was $1,000," says a police spokesman. "Nowadays it has doubled, but it's still affordable." As a result, almost a third of the latest wave of Russian immigrants are thought to have no Jewish blood in their veins.

Russian gangsters are now apparently active in hitherto "clean" sectors of the Israeli economy, such as banking and industry, as well as in their usual areas. When will they start muscling into politics? According to Emmanuel Zismann, president of the parliamentary committee on the integration of new immigrants, that is a real danger.

**'All the mafia wants to do is take the sun, savour success and plan new ventures'**

"During the Labour Party primaries of 1992, little-known regional candidates, particularly in Jerusalem, spent massive sums on their campaigns," he says. "The source of their funding was fishy, to say the least. I believe we're seeing the first examples of infiltration."

The Russian mafia has plenty of cash to throw around. The most obvious evidence of this is the string of luxury villas that have mushroomed along Israel's Mediterranean coast in the past two years.

Russian mafiosi holding Israeli passports have been spotted in France, the United States and some northern European countries; but only rarely are they arrested. People on the run, some of whom have committed serious crimes outside Israel, can be seen living it up in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Sometimes they are arrested by police, sometimes not: For reasons to do with politics and terrorism, Interpol's links with Israel's security services are not as close as they should be.

Last November, at a joint press conference with his opposite number in Ukraine, the police minister, Moshe Shahal, caused a sensation when he said that gangs from the Ukraine and some Israeli criminal organisations had held a "crime seminar" in Tel Aviv.

A similar unconventional seminar was held in Eilat on February 11. That day, Grigori Luchansky, an extremely rich businessman who emigrated to Israel barely two years ago, held a big bash on the Red Sea coast to celebrate his 50th birthday.

He did it in style. His 200 guests, flown in by chartered planes from all over the world, but mainly from the United States and the former Soviet Union, were put up at his expense in luxury hotels and yachts moored nearby. There was a fireworks display and unlimited champagne.

Even though he is managing director of Nordex, a multinational group which once made tanks but has now moved into harbour modernisation and the conversion of military industries into civilian companies (with an annual turnover of $2.4 billion), Luchansky is *persona non grata* in a number of countries, including Britain and Canada. His business activities, which are based in Austria, are closely watched. And the US has refused to grant him an entry visa.

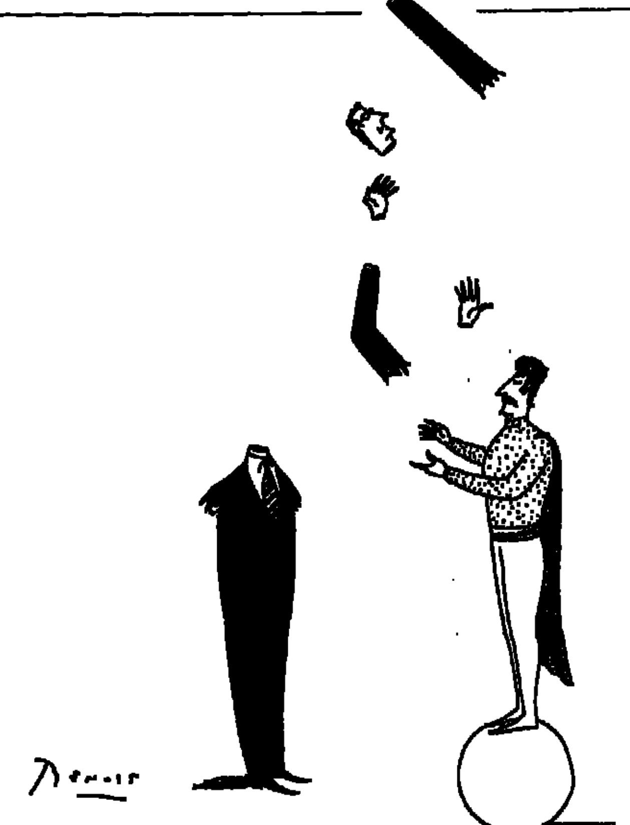
All that is rather a heavy cross to bear, even for a whizz-kid smart enough to have landed the job of vice-chancellor of Riga university by the time he was 28. He got into hot water a little later in the Soviet Union for embezzlement — though a friend claims he was "framed by the KGB". In other words, Luchansky is a big fish. But Israeli police prefer to leave him alone.

They have nothing, either, against Yaakov Yuzbashov, a burly crew-cut man in his forties, who has been identified by Russian police as one of the "godfathers of the *organizatsya*".

Yuzbashov has occupied the royal suite of a luxury hotel in Tel Aviv for more than a year and a half. Now something of a local VIP, he was asked on television if he belonged to the mafia. He laughed off the question but did not deny it.

He did say, though, that in his view members of the *organizatsya* had absolutely no intention of trampling on Israeli preserves — all they wanted to do was take the sun, savour their success and plan new ventures.

(September 15)



# 10 out of 10 for exam's Freudian slip

**Béatrice Gurrey** on the boob that proved a boon to France's education minister

THERE were red faces at the education ministry when it was discovered that officials had blundered when devising one of the questions for the September session of the end-of-school *baccalauréat* exam: the 700 candidates taking one of the social and economic papers were asked to discuss a text attributed to Sigmund Freud, but in fact written by Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

The question originally set had indeed included a quotation from Freud. But at the last moment the chief examiner and the regional education inspector decided the question was too hard and replaced it with one that contained a text by Rousseau. Unfortunately the name of the author was left out.

It was only when members of the Rennes examinations board (which was in charge of nationwide exam questions this year) visited the printers that they spotted the omission. In an attempt to find out the author's name, they must somehow have got hold of the wrong person, because they were told over the phone that the text was definitely by Sigmund Freud.

It is surprising that no candidate or invigilator spotted the mistake, since the extract has a very Rousseauesque flavour. It comes from the fourth book of Emile, and runs as follows: "What makes man essentially good is to have few needs and to compare himself little with others; what makes him essentially wicked is to have many needs and to care greatly what other people think. Working on that assumption, it is easy to see how all the passions of children and men can be steered towards good or evil."

This is not the first time such a howler has occurred. In a French paper in the Ile-de-France region, the word "mystery" was inexplicably replaced by the word "system".

Clearly something will have to be done to prevent further such blunders and improve the workings of the exam-setting system, where the chain of responsibility includes a university lecturer, who chairs the committee that chooses the questions, a team of teachers who vet them, representatives of the schools inspectorate and a chief education officer who signs the final corrected proof. In the meantime, since the exam in question cannot be declared null and void, markers will be asked to take the mistake into account.

This further incident gave the education minister, François Bayrou, a golden opportunity to speak his mind at a meeting of the general schools inspectorate on September 12. A thorough overhaul of the exam-setting system, which he has been demanding for months, is now bound to take place.

It will probably constitute one of the main measures aimed at improving the 1996 *baccalauréat*.

The Freud/Rousseau mixup could not have come at a better time for Bayrou, who has long been itching to clear away the cobwebs at the education ministry.

(September 15)





# Trapped on a bloody treadmill

Algeria is following the murderous example set by its many invaders throughout history, writes **Catherine Simon**

THE conquest was making progress. "I've ended the campaign as I began it — with a brilliant coup," boasted General Achille de Saint-Arnaud on July 17, 1851. "We killed 200 Kabyles. The camp is full of weapons and ears."

"We are in thick wood mingling with the Arabs who are fleeing . . . There's killing and throat-slashing, the cries of terrified people and the dying are mixed with the bellowing of cattle," wrote one officer.

"We keep a few women as hostages, exchange others for horses and auction the rest off as beasts of burden," noted another.

Wholesale assassinations by "smoking out" victims, burning down villages and destroying crops — the "natives" that the colonial army had sworn to subjugate were spared nothing.

One hundred and fifty years later, there is a tragic and bloody echo of these horrors. Coincidentally, it was just when the Algerian military and the Islamic fundamentalists were plunging the country into war that François Maspero published his book, L'Honneur de Saint-Arnaud, from which the above quotations are drawn. The French, Turks, Arabs Romans and Phoenicians have all left their imprint on Algeria, the country that the writer Kateb Yacine once compared to a "huge hospital".

Today Algeria seems to be inflicting on itself what successive invaders taught it. "Algeria's history is that of an ongoing purge," notes novelist Mohamed Kacimi. "During the war of liberation, the mojahedin of the National Liberation Front (FLN) gave no quarter, not even to Algerians: anyone caught smoking had his nose cut off, anyone found drinking alcohol had his lips sliced off." And now the security forces — police, army and their death squads — use the same methods the French soldiers used against the *fellaghas* (Algerian partisans).

Is it because Algeria has only been "superficially Islamised", as Kacimi believes, and the vast majority of its population — of which 70 per cent is under 25 years old — has a poor grasp of both Arabic and French that the "Arab-Islamic" identity crisis has become so tense?

Slimane Zéghidour, a journalist on the magazine, Politique Internationale, thinks the Islamist torrent is more of an uprising than a fascist movement. "The beheading of citizens considered 'deviant', and the protection of widows and orphans — that's the daily lot of people living in Islamist regions.

"This uprising bears a disturbingly close resemblance to the Donatist rebellion that devastated St Augustin's North Africa in the fifth century. At that time, too, women were veiled from puberty, the theatre was banned and the West considered 'decadent'."

But why has this happened in Algeria and not in Morocco or Tunisia? Why has the barbarity taken on a serial character? Economic conditions and social political difficulties provide only a partial explanation for this descent into hell.

Fethi Benslama, a psychoanalyst and editorial director of the periodical Intersignes, says colonialism claimed to be leading these people towards European civilisation where they would regain the Latin characteristics that the Islamic conqueror had wiped out. Then came a desire for an even more radical purification that involved cleansing Algeria "by sending it back on a magic carpet to the East and its pristine Islam" — a "cleansing" made easy by the "absence of state structures similar to those in Tunisia and Morocco".

From the single party (the FLN) to the party of the One and Only (God) is but one step, though it took 30 years. It was under the FLN that a "set identity imposing faultless homogeneity" was forged, says psychoanalyst Alice Cherki. "The Islamic party . . . has in its own way taken over from the single party. Civil society has no voice, crushed between the two systems."

Many researchers, such as the historian Benjamin Stora, mention the "breakdown in filiation". "Unlike in Tunisia and Morocco," he says, "all of Algeria's 'founding fathers' have been killed, literally: Messali Hadj and Ferhat Abbas during the war; and more recently Mohamed Boudiaf.

"The weakening of parental — to say nothing of state — authority sends a substantial number of young men in search of fathers elsewhere." In Iran, for example, or Afghanistan.

"Paradoxically, in a society where the father has the dominant role, it is teenagers who strike fear in people and command respect," says Luis Martinez, a young researcher who has co-authored L'Algérie Dans La Guerre (Algeria At War).

DEALERS in goods smuggled into the country have been deprived of their livelihood as visas become hard to obtain, he says, and are now forced to turn to "protection" for survival. "If you don't declare yourself to be a member of one side or the other — a police informer or an Islamist — you become a prime target," says Martinez.

These affiliations — frequently feigned — provide the young mercenary with a minimum income and some kind of protection. "Those who might want to kill him know they risk retaliation from the 'godfather' to whom he claims to owe allegiance."

Procedures for accepting candidates into the guerrilla movement have become ruthless. "The Armed Islamic Groups fear being double-crossed," says Martinez. "To be accepted into the movement, a young man now has to prove himself — for example by slashing a policeman's throat in front of people in his own neighbourhood. This is a very effective way of denying him any possibility of turning back."

The army is just as demanding when it screens recruits, because complicity from within has often enabled Islamists to mount attacks against military barracks.

The "professionalisation" of fighters on both sides makes ordinary people even more vulnerable. Criminal gangs abound. Extortion rackets, rapes and robberies have become a common feature of this neighbourhood terrorism. "In most cases," says Martinez, "nobody knows who's killing whom. The general impression is that of a nationwide settling of scores."

Benslama says that the "foreigner" who is targeted is not just the "non-Algerian", but often as not, a "very close, very familiar" member of a group, "a kind of inextricable part of oneself". Slitting the victim's throat is not just sacrificing him, in the manner of sheep in the three religions based on the Bible. More than anything else, he says, "it provides the most dramatic demonstration of the separation of the body, the bodily extirpation of the foreigner" encoded in oneself.

But despite troubling similarities, it would be a mistake to see in the present Algerian tragedy a repetition, or a second act, of the war of independence. "It was early in the 1980s that the first armed Islamic groups appeared — precisely at the moment Algeria was entering a process of secularisation, when an incipient emergence of the individual was noticeable," says Mohamed Harbi, a historian.

The main victims of this frenzy are women. Not in numbers — of the 40,000 dead officially recorded in the past three years, slightly fewer than 300 were women — but symbolically. Here the military and the Islamists get along famously. In 1994, the army had no hesitation in getting the FLN parliament to adopt a family code regarded as one of the most backward in the Muslim world. As for Islamists, we know their obsessive hostility towards women, the central issue of their totalitarian utopia.

"The violence being expressed against women today is fundamentally different from what happened in the war of independence," explains Harbi. "The 'disorder' between men and women on this point doesn't exist in the rest of the Maghreb. Anti-feminine racism has always been present, but in Algeria it is excessive."

The words *harem*, *herm* and *hurma* come from the same Arabic root. The first describes an enclosed space where the women of the household are kept; the second signifies both the "sacred" and all the women members of the family group; the third means "dignity" — that of a man and his descendants. Attacking a woman therefore means striking the man at the foundations of his virility and, consequently, sullying the honour of his tribe.

The explosion of violence and its media management — it is totally one-sided as the press is subject to strict government censorship — have also led to breaking taboos. Monique Gadant, associate professor at Paris-VIII University and co-director of the Maghreb-Europe Institute, points out: "In a society where the woman's body is never seen, and even a bathing suit is risqué, the fact that television and the front pages of newspapers now display the naked bodies of girls who have been raped and murdered is something quite new."

"The same paradox is found in Iran," says Farhad Khosrokhavar, an Iranian sociologist. "All the taboos of traditional Muslim society are being broken in the name of Islam."

In the Algiers weekly, La Nation, in March 1994, Salima Ghezali wrote: "We're all the more helpless in coping with this violence as we refuse to place it exactly where it is found — in the woman's unassailable otherness that a male society obstinately refuses to accept.

"The individual, that is if there is such a thing at all, is sacrificed for the cause, no matter what. At the slightest sign of social disturbance, the sacrifice is sent to his death . . . the way is open for massacres of every kind."

(September 14)

# Moscow and Berlin dive into the deep end

**Geneviève Breerette** in Berlin reports on a huge exhibition of art born of the exchanges between two great cities



The Musician, 1921, by the Russian Cubist painter Ivan Puni

THE gigantic Moscow-Berlin/Berlin-Moscow exhibition at the Martin-Gropius-Bau in Berlin comprises no fewer than 2,000 items. At least two visits are required if one is to appreciate the full ramifications of this comprehensive review of the cultural links between the two cities during the first half of the 20th century.

The show is organised in scrupulously chronological fashion on two levels of the Martin-Gropius-Bau, a neoclassical building probably more suitable for a stroll along the paths of received art history than a confrontation of works that resist the traditional definition of art.

The building's calm space is broken up by two triangular constructions, one red, the other black, which lend drama to the exhibition's setting. The work of an architect who is neither a Berliner nor a Muscovite, the Californian-based Daniel Liebeskind, it brings to mind drawings by El Lissitzky and László Moholy-Nagy, and alludes to Constructivism, which occupies one of the main sections of the show.

The red space contains the works of Constructivists and other avant-garde Soviet artists who, at the beginning of the twenties, travelled to Berlin to spread the good word. The black space houses the output of anti-fascist Germans who sought refuge in Moscow in the early thirties.

Yet this symbolic emphasis on red and black, which runs through the gallery, seems to contradict the spirit of the exhibition. It sets out to be an objective examination of the phenomenon based on first-hand documents, facts and dates.

The visitor can easily get lost. But there are also wonderful discoveries to be made in each department of culture, particularly architecture and the theatre which are alive with models and projects for a total, if not a totalitarian, art.

While the principle underlying the exhibition is not new, its approach most definitely is. It is quite different, for example, from the major Paris-Berlin and Paris-Moscow shows put on at the Pompidou Centre in Paris in the eighties: both those exhibitions, which covered periods ending in 1933 and 1930 respectively, focused solely on modernity and the avant-garde.

Times have changed. Today it has become possible to dig deeper, thanks to a normalisation of East-West exchanges and the opening-up of the archives. Taboos have also been swept away: Nazi and Stalinist art have already been the subject of exhibitions in Germany and Russia. Where this show breaks ground is in displaying examples of such art beside the avant-garde.

It evokes the cultural relationship that sprang up between Berlin and Moscow by describing theatrical shows and exhibitions put on in both cities. For example, a 1922 Russian exhibition in Berlin revealed the work that had grown out of the Revolution, by such artists as Naum Gabo, Vladimir Tatlin, Lissitzky and many others. Two years later, the Germans returned the compliment by organising a show in Moscow of works by Otto Dix, George Grosz, Conrad Felixmüller, Käthe Kollwitz and others.

On show are some fine works representative of Cubo-Futurism and Rayonism as propounded by Mikhail Larionov and Natalia Goncharova, a superb Improvisation by Wassily Kandinsky and a major Marc Chagall.

There are also many good paintings by Emil Nolde, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff and Max Pechstein. They illustrate their transition from the primitivism of the Dresden period to the more urban Expressionism of Berlin, which contained elements of social criticism and had something in common with Dada, whose Berlin representatives were more politicised than those active elsewhere.

For proof of that, one need look no further than Grosz and John Heartfield, who, like Erwin Piscator and Heartfield's brother, Wieland Herzfelde, were among the earliest members of the German Communist Party. They were also the first to attack the ultra-bourgeois Weimar Republic, whose capital was an extraordinary hive of cultural activity at the beginning of the twenties.

People in every creative department, including cabaret and the theatre, enthusiastically propounded the merits of collectivist ideology and began drawing up plans for an ideal society. Talented architects like Walter Gropius were stimulated by Soviet artists, who arrived in droves in Berlin, the main centre of Russian art outside Russia.

Constructivism became the dominant artistic ideology against a background of agitprop. There was heated debate between Utopians and productivists, between those who believed in direct action and those who preferred utilitarian art or refused to see art in terms of social class.

Also evoked are the pressures of traditionalist and academic society, which impinged on creative artists well before Hitler came to power. The section devoted to Moscow-based German anti-fascists and left-wing militants such as Bertolt Brecht, Piscator, Hans Richter and Hanns Eisler is a little slim, illustrated chiefly with books.

The German émigrés published, in German, much more than they created, though a contingent of architects, many of whom had been at the Bauhaus, worked in Moscow in the early thirties, where their expertise in city-planning and social housing was particularly welcome.

The arrival of German émigrés in Moscow coincided with a crackdown on writers and artists, the replacement of associations by trade unions, and the proclamation of the doctrine of Socialist Realism, which insidiously imposed Stalin's wish for an art that was "national in form and socialist in content".

Vsevolod Meyerhold was accused of formalism, and the competition for the design of the Palace of the Soviets (in which Le Corbusier took part) was won by a retrograde project consisting of a wedding-cake building topped by a statue of Lenin.

In the end, most of the writers and artists who had gone into exile in the Soviet Union were regarded as "enemy infiltrators" and sent to the camps or liquidated.

On the first floor, the continuation of the exhibition offers a bunch of flowers by Tatlin, a depressing portrait of Ivan Kliun by Kasimir Malevich, a plodding urban landscape by Varvara Stepanova, a superficially executed athlete by Alexander Rodchenko, and some works by Oskar Schlemmer, who does his best to keep up standards.

This section shows how low the avant-garde movements had sunk. Rudolf Schlichter painted his allegory of Blind Power in 1937, the year of the pompous confrontation of the Soviet and German pavilions at the Paris Exhibition.

The German pavilion, designed by Hitler's favourite architect, Albert Speer, was topped by an eagle. Its Soviet counterpart, the work of Boris Yofan, culminated in a statue of a worker and a female farmworker clutching each other's hands.

This part of the exhibition displays the Führer's megalomaniac plans and models for Berlin, racist posters, propaganda films, pictures of radiant young Nazis, and paintings exalting life on the land, in the factory or in the army.

Hubert Lanzinger's very mediocre portrait of Hitler as a standard bearer was slashed some time ago, and the Washington Museum of Military History, which lent the picture, apparently has no intention of restoring it.

What comes afterwards is even more depressing, with its cortège of propaganda material, war photographs, records of the camps and plans to rebuild from the ashes. With deliberate irony, the exhibition ends with a portrait of an amiable-looking Stalin standing on a Moscow bridge in the bright, pink-tinged light of morning.

Moscow-Berlin/Berlin-Moscow — 1900-1950, Martin-Gropius-Bau, Berlin. Closed Monday. Until January 7

(September 19)

# An indecent living made out of dead souls

THEATRE
**Brigitte Salino**

THE Hebbel Theatre, one of the few in Berlin to have survived the second world war, is also one of the most beautiful in the city. The dark high walls of its auditorium have a mysterious aura that was exploited to the full by Valeri Fokin in his recent production, at the 45th Berlin Theatre Festival, of A Hotel Room In The City Of NN, based on Nikolai Gogol's novel, Dead Souls.

Fokin, who was born in 1946, is a leading Russian director and currently head of the Meyerhold Art Centre in Moscow, which was founded in 1991 with the purpose of playing a pioneering role in artistic experimentation.

Fokin's production began with the spectators being invited to embark on a journey backstage, along a narrow corridor leading on to the stage itself. Once in the corridor, they left behind the real world and were in a spotlit no man's land. They went through white-painted double doors and were asked to sit not facing the décor, but in it — in this case, a half-lit and claustrophobic hotel room.

To judge from the dark parquet floor, oval table, narrow bed and folding screen, the scene was a provincial town where time had stood still. It was in NN, the town that features in Dead Souls. White dust swirled in front of the closed windows.

Trapped in the confined space of this décor, the audience seemed to be part of the walls, as though watching a peepshow.

Everything was so close to hand yet at the same time the room and its dust seemed distant and inaccessible, as though part of a dream.

The room was that of the central character of the novel, the nobleman and swindler, Chichikov, who travels throughout the country persuading landowners to sell him the names of serfs who have died since the last census (the "dead souls" of the title). He then makes a tidy profit by pledging imaginary property to the government.

While Gogol devotes several hundred pages to his description of Chichikov's travels across the infinite expanse of Russia in the 1830s, Fokin accords him only three days in a cloistered room.

It is not so much a shortcut as a bold and sensible decision: Fokin realised there was no point in trying to embrace the whole Gogol chronicle, which could not easily have been adapted for the stage. He concentrates instead on Chichikov and his two servants, at the point in the story where he is about to be unmasked as a swindler.

He returns to his hotel room in the evening after the day's business, counts the dead who will turn him into a rich man, prepares for the ball being held by the governor, whose daughter he hopes to seduce, and comes back utterly disappointed by his evening out.

Fokin shows Chichikov eating, laughing, sleeping, sneezing, snoring, writing, groaning, crossing himself, shaving, blowing his nose, puffing out his cheeks, singing an aria, yanking hairs out of his nostrils, kissing his money-box, gargling, dreaming, looking ahead, mulling over the past, dancing, screaming, having nightmares, leaving the room cheerily, coming back drunk. In a word, living.

The floor creaks beneath his feet and the air is full of dust. The audience hear tea being poured into a cup, feel the crumpled sheets, pay attention to his silences and breathe in time with him. Everything about him is laid bare, yet at the same time Chichikov remains as remote and elusive as the bright daylight that can be seen pouring through the windows of his room. The atmosphere created by Fokin was deeply disturbing as well as bizarre. But most of the time the spectator was transfixed by the performance of the oddly named Avangarde Leontyev in the role of Chichikov. He is a breathtakingly talented actor, who completely dominated the production.

The scene where Chichikov dresses for the ball deserves to become a classic. Leontyev gives the impression that he is both possessed by his character and completely external to him. In other words, he is a kind of demon and exorcist rolled into one — which is of course what theatre is all about.

(September 20)

Le Monde

Directeur: Jean-Marie Colombani




# Dream of 'Greater Serbia' Fails

**James Rupert in Belgrade**

SINCE MAY, Serb fighters in Bosnia and Croatia have suffered defeat by their enemies and bombing by NATO. An estimated 250,000 Serb civilians in the two countries have been expelled from their homes, and impoverished refugees have flooded into Serbia.

In five months the Serb nationalist dream has to a large degree collapsed. And, according to Serbs here in their capital, they feel little hope that they or their children will ever recover what they have lost in four years of war and isolation from the rest of the world.

The defeat of their dream has stunned nationalist Serbs — those who sought an expanded state, or "Greater Serbia," where the Serbs would not have to accommodate the cultural differences of their Muslim or Croat neighbors. And for the mainly urban Serbs who never shared the nationalist vision, its collapse has been a depressing confirmation that their own dream — to have Serbia share in the prosperity and stability of Western Europe — has been eclipsed indefinitely.

President Slobodan Milosevic, who personally controls Serbia's security forces and state-run media, so far has kept public anger from coalescing into overt opposition. But with few open avenues for expressing and measuring public sentiment here, Serbian and foreign analysts say it is difficult to gauge how stable this country really is.

As communism crumbled in the former Yugoslavia in the late 1980s, Milosevic, a Communist bureaucrat, adopted Serb nationalism as an alternate ideology through which to pursue power. Using the state-run media, he built broad support by portraying the Croats and Bosnian Muslims as enemies bent on destroying the Serb minorities in those republics.

The Serb turn to nationalism promoted similar trends among the rival groups and, in 1991 and 1992, the breakup of Yugoslavia. When first Croatia and then Bosnia seceded from the federation, Milosevic used his control over the Yugoslav army to help Serb minorities seize large chunks of both countries.



Grim reality . . . Serb women rest after fleeing from the Bosnian town of Sipovo, which was taken by Croat forces

But Western powers imposed a U.N. ban on trade with Yugoslavia — now reduced to Milosevic's Serbia and the small southern republic of Montenegro — that, over 40 months, has crippled its economy and forced Milosevic to abandon his support for the Serb nationalists.

True believers in the nationalist dream "are shocked at what has happened . . . (and) at Milosevic's betrayal of the Serbs," said Aleksander Vucic, 25, a law student who said he has fought on the Serb side around Sarajevo. Like many Serbs, Vucic described the reversal of the last five months as the result of a conspiracy by "anti-Serbian" Western powers that had somehow co-opted Milosevic.

Vucic is a top official of the Serbian Radical Party, which, with other hard-line groups, is working to build mass opposition to Milosevic. But Serbian analysts and Western diplomats voiced doubt that such a movement can be mobilized quickly, given Milosevic's control over media and the security forces.

In recent months, Serbia has been inundated with Serbs forced out of their homes, but "Milosevic has been amazingly successful at dispersing the refugees and the political effect" of their arrival here, said Zarko Korac, a leader of a liberal opposition party, the Civic Alliance.

Still, Korac and others said, Milosevic could be threatened from within the national police force and the army. Many officers of those services are originally from the Croatian Krajina and western Bosnia, and are likely to be angry with Milosevic over his failure to defend their home regions.

Belgrade, where a Serbian middle class was growing rapidly before the war, is the main center for those Serbs who have nourished an alternate dream: that Serbia might evolve into a Western-style state with the comfortable prosperity that Serbs have seen for years in nearby Western Europe.

But now, only a few wealthy Serbs drive new cars or shop at Belgrade boutiques that display a limited supply of fashionable clothes and consumer goods. Serbs from what was the middle class may still have some comforts — the homes and clothes they owned before the war — but average wages have fallen to about $100 a month.

# Okinawans Enraged By U.S. Army Violence

The vicious rape of a young girl has led to threats against U.S. citizens. **Mary Jordan** reports from Naha

AMERICAN military officials on the Japanese island of Okinawa, embroiled in an uproar about the rape of a schoolgirl allegedly committed by three U.S. servicemen, said last week that they had received threats of violence against Americans and a false claim that a bomb had been planted on a military school bus.

"We have received threats because of recent misconduct, and the alleged rape would be a part of that," Lieutenant Tania Dutko, a spokeswoman for Kadena air base, said. The threats were being taken seriously, but no official warning had yet been issued to personnel.

Over the years Okinawans have been angered by rapes and murders committed by U.S. servicemen, but it has been decades since anything has focused their fury like the events of September 4, when a girl of 12 was raped on her way home from shopping.

The island's governor, Masahide Ota, has gone to Tokyo to demand the closure of the huge U.S. military bases.

The furore — which prompted the U.S. ambassador, Walter Mondale, and Lieutenent-General Richard Myers, the senior U.S. commander in Japan, to apologise "for the suffering this crime has brought to this child, her family and the people of Okinawa" — comes at a delicate point for the United States and Japan.

In less than two months time President Clinton and the Japanese prime minister, Tomiichi Murayama, are due to meet in Tokyo to reaffirm and strengthen their security pact.

"The point is that these three guys are stationed here as representatives of the U.S. government; their crime is regarded here as a crime by the U.S. government," said Choko Takayama, the governor's chief of staff.

Okinawan officials say 12 murders and more than 4,500 other crimes have been committed by U.S. servicemen since 1972, when the United States returned the island, on the southern fringe of the Japanese archipelago, to Japan.

U.S. troops were charged with three rapes last year, but Okinawan officials say the actual number of rapes each year is much higher.

At a meeting with Ota at the U.S. embassy last week, Mondale said: "This type of behaviour is completely unacceptable and is not what the U.S. military or the American people stand for." Ota said later he was grateful for Mondale's apology. But, he said: "I am worried about the friendship between the United States and Japan."

Washington and Tokyo are completing a review of the United States-Japan security arrangement. Clinton and Murayama regard it as crucial to peace in east Asia, where many see North Korea as belligerent, China as unpredictable and Russia as unstable.

Two marine privates, Rodrico Harp, aged 21, and Kendrick Ledet, aged 20, and navy seaman Marcus Gill, aged 22, have been charged with the rape.

Officials said they planned the attack and hired a car in which to abduct the girl. After kidnapping her they taped the girl's mouth and then raped her. They asked a fourth serviceman to take part but he refused and later told the authorities.

The three are in U.S. military custody, but have been questioned for eight or nine hours a day by the Japanese authorities since September 11.

Many Okinawans believe the Americans are receiving preferential treatment. It is rumoured that they are not locked up but roaming the base "eating hamburgers". Okinawans want them turned over to local law enforcement officials.

# Question Mark Remains Over Haiti's Future

**Douglas Farah in Port-au-Prince**

ONE YEAR ago, gleeful Haitians watched in fascination as 20,000 U.S. troops occupied this impoverished land. They came to restore a democratically elected president, and held out the promise of breaking a cycle of dictatorship and brutality that had marked the past two centuries.

It was one of President Clinton's riskiest foreign policy initiatives — one that has been more successful than almost anyone could have imagined, according to Haitian analysts, diplomats and United Nations officials. Without the loss of a single American life in combat, a three-year reign of terror by a military regime was brought to an end. President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, who had been ousted in a brutal 1991 coup, was returned to power.

But this remains a society deeply divided along lines of class and color. And while the human rights situation has improved dramatically, there are lingering questions about whether Haiti — faced with a closing window of opportunity, as international aid and attention wither — will be able to transform its political culture from authoritarianism into a viable democratic system.

Aristide, who rose to popularity as a Roman Catholic priest opposed to the deposed Duvalier dictatorship and often critical of the United States, told reporters last week that the military intervention had moved Haiti "from death to life." He reiterated his promise to step down when his term ends in February 1996, despite pressure from his followers to stay on.

In spite of U.S. misgivings about Aristide, the Haitian president has made good on his promises to work toward national reconciliation with many in the business community who distrusted him. He has stuck to free-market policies that are an anathema to many of his followers, although at times he has adhered to them reluctantly.

One of Aristide's first serious disagreements with the United States was over disbanding the hated military that dominated political life here for decades — and that had tossed him out of office. Aristide quickly reduced what had been a 7,000-man force to a single military musical band of fewer than two dozen, and has said he will ask the new Parliament to formally abolish the institution.

"For many, the abolition of the army is perceived as an extremely positive step," said political analyst Lionel Delatour. "People are less afraid of being arrested, shot or killed now. We are not seeing bodies on the streets anymore."

IN PLACE of the army is an internationally trained civilian police force. So far, about 1,100 new police officers are on the job, and by the end of Aristide's term there should be about 5,000, spread across the country.

Colin Granderson, director of the International Civilian Mission, a joint effort of the United Nations and the Organization of American States that monitors human rights, said the state-sponsored, systematic human rights violations of the past have almost ended. However, he said he was concerned by "some 20 cases of commando-style executions, recorded since the beginning of the year.

The U.S.-led force gave way to a U.N. force of 5,900, of which 2,700 are American, in addition to 850 international police monitors. The mission is to end in February.

The economy, which shrank by 30 percent from 1991 to 1994, in part because of a punishing economic embargo placed against the military government, is expected to grow by about 5 percent this year. Still, the euphoria that greeted the U.S. invasion force has begun to fade in light of the crushing hardships most people still suffer in the hemisphere's poorest nation.

Lionel Jeune, who roams the restaurant district with a battered guitar to make a living, summed it up: "Now I can sleep at night, and it is calm. You can walk the streets when you want and not be afraid. But sometimes I go to sleep without eating and have to send my kids to bed hungry too."

"There has been no change in my life," said Marie-Ange Mathieu, 25, a street vendor who sells fried foods. "In fact, if anything, things are worse because everything I buy costs more."

The poor organization of the recent legislative elections and Aristide's seeming unwillingness to deal with small opposition parties have brought criticism that the president is seeking to build a one-party state. Many of the opposition parties boycotted the second round of legislative elections, held last week.

U.S. Ambassador William Swing, in an August 22 cable after meeting with Aristide, said he had urged the president to reach out to political parties but was not encouraged by the discussion. "His (Aristide's) actions at this point will provide additional fodder for his critics, both in Haiti and the U.S.," the cable said. But in his news conference Aristide insisted a process of "reconciliation and justice" is moving ahead. "Because we mean what we say in terms of building a state of law, we need a minority as we need a majority, we need the leaders of the opposition as we need those who support our government, we need the rich as we need the poor," he said.

# Terrorist Tract Is Hot Reading

**Marc Fisher**

A MURDERER writes 35,000 words, including these: "The technophiles are taking us all on an utterly reckless ride into the unknown. Many people understand something of what technological progress is doing to us, yet take a passive attitude toward it because they think it is inevitable. But we don't think it is inevitable."

The urge is to get inside his mind, to understand the unfathomable. Does he, could he have anything to offer?

So what if the Unabomber's treatise takes hours to read? So what if its author is considered a dangerous killer responsible for three deaths and 16 bombings?

There's something there, some readers say, and they are snapping up copies, combing through the text, searching for answers, even if they're not quite sure what the questions might be.

Thousands — librarians, professors, teenagers, men wearing fatigues — have called or visited The Washington Post looking for extra copies of "Industrial Society and Its Future," the Unabomber's manifesto published by the paper last week at the recommendation of the FBI and Attorney General Janet Reno.

The Post, which printed the eight-page pull-out section in hopes that the bomber would live up to his promise to halt his killings, is out of copies. The Oakland Tribune reprinted the 35,000-word manuscript at the behest not of the bomber, but of its curious readers. At a newsstand frequented by movie types in the Westwood section of Los Angeles, the salesclerk turned away more than 20 requests for the tract before 7 a.m. on the day of publication.

Within hours of publication, Time Warner put the entire screed on Pathfinder, its free World Wide Web site on the Internet.

Paula Hayes, an artist who lives in lower Manhattan, went to five newsstands in search of a copy of The Post, only to learn they were sold out. "I was really busy, but I spent the time looking because I thought it was historically important," she said. "He's not the only one for the demise of computers and technology on that level — that it's ruined humanity. I don't know what he wants as a solution, that's what I'm interested to see."

Some people admit only a bit sheepishly that they have read the whole thing. Others plow through it under the guise of helping the investigation.

"A lot of intelligence information will come in," said David W. Holmes, an anti-terrorism consultant who toiled for the FBI for 23 years. Holmes compared the public interest in the bomber's treatise to the TV show "America's Most Wanted," hoping that leads might emerge from ex-acquaintances of the terrorist.

In some circles, among environmental extremists in the Pacific Northwest, for example, the bomber's message rings true enough that some may see him more as seer than as sick killer.

"His critiques of society's failures are right on!" one reader on the Internet wrote last week. "I'll see you guys in alt.fan.unabomber," an Internet news group devoted to the bomber, "where we will discuss the rebirth of the human species."

Richard Grusin, a Georgia Institute of Technology professor who teaches a course on the rhetoric of environmentalism, plans to have his students study the manifesto this term.

The Unabomber "recognizes that something has gone deeply wrong in this society," said a prominent West Coast author who went to great lengths to get the manifesto, but demanded anonymity for fear of attracting the bomber's attention.

Among conspiracy-minded members of the political fringe, some manage to see the bomber as part of a larger scheme. One Internet writer wanted to know why paragraph No. 116 of the tract was missing. "Was it censored by the FBI for some reason?" (A correction in the Post on Friday last week explained that a typist at the newspaper mistakenly omitted a short passage. The missing lines were published that same day.)

Composite sketch of the Unabomber, America's most wanted man

"I find it well researched and fairly focused," said Tatiana Divens, a former Army ordnance officer who has followed the Unabomber case closely. "He's erudite and lucid, even if he is a maniac."

No matter how persuasive the bomber's arguments, his history of violence disqualifies him from being taken as a serious thinker for many readers. "In the end, it's a long, tedious screed," said William McCarthy, a technology buff and professor of Greek and Latin at Catholic University.

Others think they can figure out what kind of man this is. Hints in the text indicate that the bomber is a '60s kind of guy, with a certain fondness for marijuana, an affinity for gun ownership. He likes the outdoors, probably the deep outdoors. He doesn't like conservatives and he doesn't like liberals.

Some Internet users believe putting the manifesto on the World Wide Web may help the FBI find the Unabomber. "This is something a lot of us have been pushing for for a couple of months," said Stewart Brand, a founder of the WELL, a San Francisco-based electronic conferencing service. Brand believes the virtual community — people who know each other through electronic messaging and online services — could ferret out the identity of the Unabomber.

Brand says it reminds him of a Frank Zappa concert. Someone threw a bottle of beer at Zappa and the musician stopped the concert until the culprit was found out. As Brand describes it, the attention of the crowd began in the far reaches of the auditorium. They looked toward the origin of the thrown bottle. Then the next wave of people looked toward the spot. Then the people around the bottle thrower looked to the spot. Finally only one person was not looking at anyone else. The security guards hustled him out of the room and the concert continued.

"With any luck," Brand says, "this could happen on the Net."

# It May Be Rotten but It's Right

COMMENT
**Ellen Goodman**

MAYBE those of us who work at newspapers should be perversely flattered that he chose print. He sent a manifesto to us rather than sending a camouflaged videotape to Larry King or Tom Brokaw.

Maybe it pegs the Unabomber as the low-tech man he claims to be, a man who still wants to be read, not just heard. Surely it pegs him as a murderer with a penchant for public opinion, a terrorist who writes in the editorial "we."

Last week, the full tract of a treatise on "Industrial Society and Its Future" blackmailed its way into The Washington Post, co-sponsored by The New York Times. As news spread of his one-news-cycle, eight-pages-of-fame, there was more than a little black humor in the newsrooms of America.

How come he gets 35,000 words and I only get 750? Is this how you get around a copy editor? Yet, just below that brittle surface, there was a lot of shared unease about having our profession mugged.

This is what it feels like: A stranger jumps out from a dark, murderous alley, his gun up against another man's head and says, "What'll it be? Your ethics or his life?" We handed him our wallet.

The irony is that terrorists have always wanted attention. Violence has increasingly become the medium by which they get the media to deliver their message.

Indeed in the proliferation of infotainment, the competition has made "stars" in the terrorist firmament. Bob Guccione offered the Unabomber a regular column in Penthouse. If "Current Affair" or "Entertainment Tonight" had been told of a video what would they have done? Bid for it?

But newspapers have stuck to the first principle that nobody tells us what to print. Not a terrorist, not the FBI, not the attorney general.

Now the Unabomber has told two of our finest papers what to print. And the attorney general urged them to print it, as the Times' Sulzberger and the Post's Donald Graham put it, for "public safety reasons."

Yet with all these deep reservations, I believe that the Post and the Times made what Sulzberger described as "the right choice between bad options."

Here are two of those bad options: On the one hand, journalistic ethics and the fear of endless copycats. But on the other hand, a credible threat to human life.

Eight pages of newsprint. Or the printed obituary of another scientist.

Anyway you balance them, the immediate human concerns — lives — weigh most heavily. Anyway you look at it, the media is a player in this story, and in this country, not just an observer. If copycats come, we will face that consequence. But for the moment, this absolutely rotten decision is the right one.

This is the sorry fact about the world the Unabomber decries as hostile to individual freedom. It's a place increasingly vulnerable to individual violence. This time the institution under attack isn't in the news. It is the news. Read all about it.

# Day of Reckoning Arrives for Foreign Aid

**Thomas W. Lippman**

FOR THE U.S. foreign aid program, the day of reckoning has arrived. The 1996 foreign aid spending bill approved by the Senate last week — the first since budget-minded Republicans took control in January — would cut foreign aid spending next year by $1.2 billion or 10 percent below current levels, and give President Clinton 16 percent less than he sought.

Aid to Africa and Asia would be slashed. The president would get only $72 million of the $100 million he sought for United Nations military peacekeeping missions. Funds available for disaster assistance abroad would be $25 million less than Clinton sought, and tough conditions would be imposed for aid to Russia and Haiti.

Israel and Egypt, the biggest recipients of U.S. aid, would be fully protected, but overall the Senate bill would make the deepest cuts in foreign aid spending in at least a decade. Further cuts are likely next year under Republican budget-balancing plans.

And yet administration officials, supporters of foreign aid volunteer organizations and aid's proponents in the Senate generally expressed relief and satisfaction at the outcome. That is because the Senate's bill is better than they feared, a bit more generous than a substantially similar House version and probably acceptable to the White House. They took comfort in the fact that an overwhelming majority — 91 senators — voted to spend a full $12.3 billion on foreign assistance in the 1996 fiscal year, beginning October 1.

"We saved foreign aid, in the worst possible atmosphere," said Senator Mitch McConnell, R-Ky., chairman of the Senate Appropriations subcommittee that prepared the aid bill. "Foreign aid had to be reduced some, as part of the overall deficit-reduction effort, but I support it. The United States has to be able to respond around the world in some way other than sending troops."

McConnell's bill gives the administration considerable discretion about how to spend the money. But it also contains restrictions that the administration opposes and will seek to have removed when the aid bill goes to a House-Senate conference. Among these are provisions that would:

- Halt all economic aid to Russia if that country proceeds with its planned sale of commercial nuclear reactors to Iran. Aid to help Moscow dismantle its nuclear weapons would not be affected.
- Block aid to Haiti unless President Clinton can certify the government of President Jean-Bertrand Aristide is refraining from political killings, conducting vigorous investigations into six political assassinations going back to 1991 and cooperating with U.S. authorities to find the killers of Mireille Durocher de Bertin, an opponent of Aristide who was killed last March.
- Withhold seed money to begin supplying commercial light-water nuclear reactors to North Korea under the agreement that halted North Korea's nuclear weapons development program until North Korea has hired a South Korean contractor for the project and opened its borders to trade and investment with the South.

The greatest controversy lurking in the bill may involve language intended to force the Clinton administration to accept a plan by Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Jesse Helms (Rep. North Carolina), to abolish AID and two other foreign affairs agencies.

Helms and other senior Republicans agreed to set an April 1 cutoff of all foreign aid spending unless the administration submits a plan for consolidating the agencies with the State Department. Senate aides said that requirement will be inserted in the House-Senate conference.



# Montana Rebels Have Law on the Run

The 'freemen's' oddball philosophy is being taken seriously by the sheriff, writes **Tom Kenworth**



Up in arms against prosecutors, judges and local officials . . . Police are investigating threats of violence by anti-government militants, seen training above
PHOTOGRAPH: CYNTHIA HOWE

NOTHING in his career as an English teacher and prosecutor for Musselshell County quite prepared John Bohlman for the day last spring when this normally peaceful town in central Montana seemed about to be engulfed in a full-blown civil insurrection.

Officials in central and western Montana had been struggling to cope with a home-grown movement of anti-government militants calling themselves "freemen." Originating in the farm crisis of the 1980s, the movement expanded from resistance to tax foreclosures on farms to aggressive rejection of all government authority. Supporters refused to licence their cars and they set up common law courts, filed multi-million-dollar suits against officials and issued bogus money orders.

They also started threatening to arrest, try and punish local prosecutors and judges — all based on a hodge-podge of political theory drawing on the Bible, Magna Carta and selected parts of the federal and Montana state constitutions.

But what seemed at the time to be a fringe political oddity took an ugly turn on March 3. A tense encounter with police ended with the arrest of seven armed freemen believed to be planning the kidnapping of a neighbouring county prosecutor, and death threats against Bohlman and other county officials.

Six months later several freemen are still holed up in a hut south of Roundup. Authorities are anxious to bring them to justice on a variety of charges but are wary of provoking a gun battle which, like the one at Waco, Texas, could become for extremists a symbol of government oppression.

Elsewhere in Montana, fugitives who have given the state a reputation as a bastion of extremism have been rounded up. Gordon Sellner, a heavily armed tax protester who evaded arrest for almost three years after shooting a police officer, was shot and arrested in July. And Calvin Greenup, an elk rancher and paramilitary leader in the Bitterroot Valley near the Idaho border, decided to take his chances in court rather than make good his vow to shoot it out with police pursuing him on charges of threatening officials.

But there has been no conclusion to the Roundup stalemate which began when sheriff's deputies stopped two freemen, Dale Jacobi and Frank Ellena, on a vehicle registration charge. Warned that freemen might be plotting to kidnap, try and execute a prosecutor in retaliation for the sentencing of another freeman on state "criminal syndicalism" charges, the officers were still surprised at the contents of the car.

They found semi-automatic rifles, a large amount of ammunition, handcuffs, tape, radio and video equipment, more than $80,000 in cash and gold and silver coins, and a map of the town of Jordan, pinpointing the prosecutor's home.

The men were arrested on weapons charges. Later that day five armed associates arrived at the jail and demanded their release. After a tense confrontation, they, too, were arrested.

Over the next few days, as the news spread, Bohlman and other officials received telephoned death threats.

Bohlman now wears a bullet-proof vest and his family has moved out of town. But six months after appealing to President Clinton for federal help in bringing to justice "men who I consider terrorists," he is still waiting.

Several men facing weapons charges from the March incident remain at large in the Bull Mountains log cabin owned by the freeman Rodney Skurdal, and his associate, Leroy Schweitzer, both wanted on a variety of charges.

FROM their fortified 20-acre redoubt, behind a sign warning visitors to keep away, the freemen issue a stream of legalistic ramblings, using the Bible and the Constitution to justify their rebellion. They all remain free largely because their threats of violence are taken seriously.

"They have the capability to be very violent," said Musselshell County Sheriff Paul Smith, whose six-man department covers 1,850 square miles of central Montana and is ill-equipped to handle the problem alone.

The cautious approach has angered officials who have borne the brunt of the intimidation, harassment and threats. "Apathy on the law enforcement side has encouraged these people to cross over the fringe," says Martha Bethel, a judge in Hamilton in the Bitterroot Valley.

A single mother of three, Bethel has received numerous threats of violence, been followed to her rural home late at night, and had people threaten to firebomb her house — all because of her role in enforcing routine traffic laws against freemen.

Federal officials insist that their commitment to arresting law breakers is undiminished, and that caution has always been their watchword. Joseph Mazurek, Montana's attorney-general, says he is heartened that many communities are supporting local officials. At state level, an anti-extremist coalition plans to toughen state laws against people threatening officials.

Roundup residents say the freemen, who have turned their quiet town into a magnet for anti-government militants, have little local support. "Some people agree with what they expound — less government — but don't agree with their methods," said Eric Rasmussen, editor of the weekly Record Tribune.

Sheriff Smith chafes at the continued lawlessness in his backyard. "Arrests are going to be made," he said. "But just when and how I can't disclose."

# U.S. Hand in French Tests Revealed

**William Drozdiak and Jeffrey Smith**

WHEN President Clinton went to Hawaii early last month to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the end of the war in the Pacific, his aides sent an urgent message to the French government: Please do not conduct the first of your nuclear blasts under Mururoa atoll while Clinton is in the region.

Even though President Jacques Chirac was eager to proceed with the tests in the teeth of international protests, he realised he was in no position to reject such a request from a special friend. Reluctantly, he postponed the politically embarrassing explosion until Clinton was back in Washington.

The gesture was partly a token of respect for the close relationship he has nurtured with Clinton in his first four months in office. But even more, say French and American officials, it acknowledged the years of unannounced help given by the United States to the French nuclear weapons programme.

Despite its claim to an independent deterrent, they say, France has long relied on the US for some of the sophisticated technologies needed to upgrade and maintain a modern nuclear arsenal.

The link has been little discussed. But with the French tests generating opposition throughout the Pacific and among environmentalists everywhere, the collaboration is being re-examined.

Though the US no longer makes its own bombs and has publicly criticised the French tests, American officials say the co-operation is to be expanded to an unprecedented degree. Washington and Paris are trying to negotiate the sharing of sensitive computer codes that describe how bombs behave when detonated.

France needs the data to make full use of access to two U.S. nuclear weapons research stations Clinton offered Chirac immediately after his election, on condition that the nuclear collaboration between the two countries was made public. This was done in August. Francois Mitterrand refused similar terms.

France has started building a $4 billion laser laboratory near Bordeaux for weapons research, helped by a scientist from the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, one of the three U.S. weapons-design centers.

A senior U.S. defense official said the Pentagon was straining to keep the collaboration within traditional bounds — secretly sharing scientific data to help ensure that French weapons cannot be detonated accidentally or without proper authority — while steering clear of collaboration in weapons design.

But he acknowledged that there was so much information in the codes that some could be used to improve French weapons. Consequently, joint use of the codes would have to be thoroughly explored.

The nuclear co-operation dates from the cold war, when for more than 20 years the United States helped the French to build up their nuclear arsenal as an important adjunct to the American strategic umbrella shielding its European allies from Soviet warheads.

# Gun-Runners Enjoy Canada's 'Prohibition'

**Anne Swardson in Toronto**

IT SEEMED like a routine traffic stop when two constables of the Ontario Provincial Police pulled the Toyota Camry over on a freeway just north of Toronto because none of its three occupants was wearing a seat belt.

The officers found that the driver's license was suspended and tried to arrest him. He struggled — and three pistols fell out of his pants. Two more handguns were found on him, seven were under the front seat and nine elsewhere in the car. All were later found to have been purchased at an apartment-cum-gun-shop near Detroit, called Larry's Lethal Weapons.

All the guns were illegal, as were hundreds of other handguns the offenders had smuggled into Canada from the United States, police said. The arrest, in March 1993, was one small interruption in what authorities say is an enormous flow of illegal firearms from the United States to Canada.

Canada has tightened gun laws sharply in the past five years, creating more demand for weapons from the U.S. and guns are becoming more widely used here.

"Fifteen years ago, if someone was arrested (in Toronto) for having a gun, it was so unusual that detectives from all the precincts would come over and stare at it," said Detective Sgt. Robert Montrose of the firearms-enforcement section of the city police. "Now, guns are much more common, and most of them come from the U.S."

In 1993, according to a recent government report, half the handguns recovered from crime scenes by 10 Canadian police agencies were unregistered and therefore probably smuggled.

"There has been a tremendous change in Canada as a target for illegal weapons," said Gary Thomas, special agent in charge of international enforcement at the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) in Washington. ". . . Perhaps because Canada has strengthened its gun-control measures. You have the supply in one area, the demand in another. It's a natural thing."

Thomas said that in fiscal year 1993, the ATF traced 167 guns used in crimes in Canada to sources in the United States. In 1994, it traced 394. Some of that increase is because Canadian authorities are using the ATF more, but experts also believe demand for illegal guns is on the rise. A few fear it will rise further if gun-control legislation now before the Canadian Parliament becomes law.

"What we have is tantamount to a prohibition of sorts," said John Thompson, executive director of the MacKenzie Institute, a think-tank that produced a report on gun smuggling in May. "Prohibitions are known to backfire."

The institute's report said five big gun busts in Canada in the past few years yielded 2,200 weapons smuggled from the United States.

Wayne D. Reed, a licensed Vermont gun dealer is believed to have sold more than 900 weapons to traffickers who brought them into Canada. The guns have been traced to a quadruple murder in Brossard, Quebec, and jewel robberies in Toronto and Vancouver, according to a report published by the Montreal Gazette. Reed pleaded guilty in August 1993 to knowingly selling a gun to a non-Vermonter and served six months of home detention.

Police believe Larry Braxton, proprietor of Larry's Lethal Weapons, supplied more than 300 light semiautomatic weapons to Canadian customers, including a .38-caliber pistol used to kill a Toronto grocery store owner in February 1993. Indicted in Detroit, Braxton pleaded guilty to dealing firearms without a license in August 1994 and was sentenced to 30 months.

Traffickers move their wares across the longest nonmilitarized border in the world. An average of 142,000 cars enter Canada from the United States every day, and customs agents at major border posts often face long lines of autos and heavy pressure to wave most through with little questioning. At rural border points, there often is less scrutiny.

And the profit potential for smuggling is high. Cheap handguns that go for $50 in the United States can sell for $250 in Canada. A few types of guns sell for 10 times their American price.

# Moscow's Man In the Middle

**Robert G. Kaiser**

IN CONFIDENCE
Moscow's Ambassador to America's Six Cold War Presidents (1962-1986)
By Anatoly Dobrynin
Times Books. 692pp. $30

THIS IS an amazing book, first of all simply because it exists. A relatively candid memoir by a senior official of the Soviet Union is not the sort of volume American readers ever expected to see, but here it is. Better yet, it is a good book, a compelling historical account of the Cold War from Kennedy through Reagan filled with historical scooplets, quotations from original Soviet documents, juicy gossip and memorable anecdotes.

Anatoly Dobrynin, who served as a Soviet diplomat for half a century and as ambassador to the United States for half of that career, is quite candid about the history he observed and occasionally was able to nudge. He performs a great service for posterity by filling In Confidence with vivid, firsthand accounts of every Cold War confrontation from the Cuban Missile Crisis to the shooting down of KAL Flight 007. He adds to the historical record of every one of them. And he blames nearly every one largely on his own bosses in Moscow, complaining that their isolated and ideological view of the world constantly bedeviled his diplomacy in Washington. He even gives the Soviet side a significant measure of the blame for the Vietnam War, commenting repeatedly that his leaders allowed themselves to be used and manipulated by a government in Hanoi that showed no real concern for Soviet interests.

Not that he absolves the Americans with whom he worked, collectively or individually. In the style of the Soviet man he has always been, Dobrynin attributes anti-Soviet machinations to Pentagon cabals, Jewish influence and stubborn hard-liners, even as he acknowledges that the hard-liners often had good cause for their skeptical views of Soviet intentions.

Individually, many of the Americans Dobrynin worked with seemed to be in a sort of competition to see who could be more fawning and more indiscreet to the Soviet ambassador. Henry Kissinger may enjoy these memoirs less than most readers; others will be amused by the stories Dobrynin tells of Kissinger's vanities and self-promotions.

Perhaps the most intriguing revelation in the book is Dobrynin's description of Leonid Brezhnev's determination to be Richard Nixon's staunchest supporter through the trials of Watergate — "Nixon's last friend," as Dobrynin puts it. He describes an extraordinary pen-pal relationship between the two men that began at the end of 1973, after their second summit meeting and the Yom Kippur War. The correspondence was prompted by the hostilities in the Suez area, following an American nuclear alert that had alarmed the Soviets.

Dobrynin writes that he personally was not so alarmed by the alert, since he saw it as a tactical maneuver by Kissinger, who, as he said at the time, was "just playing the game." Kissinger himself told Dobrynin that the alert was prompted mostly by "domestic considerations" and would be lifted in a day, as indeed it was. (At the time Kissinger publicly ridiculed the suggestion that the alert could be attributed to domestic considerations. He denied this in his memoirs as well.) Soon afterward, "for his own private reasons," Dobrynin writes, Kissinger privately expressed regret over the alert, which he called a "rash move" for which the White House was to blame. (Watergate was taking a heavy toll on the Nixon presidency at the time.)

**Dobrynin seems never to have lost a night's sleep worrying about nuclear holocaust**

Nixon evidently realized the alert was a mistake and summoned Dobrynin to Camp David. He promised to resume active cooperation, to restrain the Israelis in the wake of their victory over Egypt, and to avoid future episodes of the same kind. "Please inform the general secretary [Brezhnev]," Dobrynin quotes Nixon as saying, "that as long as I live and hold the office of president I will never allow a real confrontation with the Soviet Union." He added to these pleasing words a confession that Watergate was part of the reason for what had happened. His enemies were using Watergate to try to undermine his authority, which may have prompted him to lose his "cool" during the crisis, Nixon said.



Dobrynin forwarded this unusual confession to Brezhnev, who was apparently moved by it and responded with the first of a series of supportive personal messages to Nixon. "I should like from the depths of my heart to wish you energy and success in overcoming all kinds of difficulties, the causes of which are not easily seen at a distance," he wrote.

Then on December 13, 1973, continuing this private exchange, Nixon startled Dobrynin by giving him an unexpected analysis of current events based on conclusions "he had come to . . . only recently" about "Israeli intransigence." Israel wanted a permanent state of war with the Arabs, Nixon said, adding that "Israel and the American Jewish community were anxious to prevent any improvement in Soviet-American relations." Israel's hard line, "encouraged in every way by the politically influential Jewish lobby in America, which in turn helped shape American foreign policy," had pushed the United States into a situation "where its course ran counter to the whole world: the Arabs, the Soviet Union, and nearly all its allies in Western Europe as well as Japan."

But, Nixon continued, he owed nothing to the Jewish vote since "most Jews had always voted against him," so he was determined to pursue a balanced peace settlement in the Middle East. "He was also clearly vexed," Dobrynin says "by the hostile campaign against him over Watergate by the mass media. The president said that the American media were run 'essentially by the same Jewish circles.' "

The real story of the Cold War is largely a human drama. Dobrynin was on hand for much of it — he took part in every Soviet-American summit from 1955 to 1990 — and he watched the spectacle with a detached, sometimes bemused eye.

Detente was Dobrynin's cause. He believed throughout that the Soviet Union and the United States could manage to coexist peacefully and avoid nuclear confrontation if only their leaders would pursue sensible diplomacy. Though his account occasionally feels self-aggrandizing, Dobrynin was certainly the most significant diplomat of the Cold War era.

But he wasn't always an insider. In 1962, his first year as the Soviet ambassador in Washington, he freely and repeatedly lied to his American interlocutors about what was going on in Cuba because, he insists plausibly, he was "an involuntary tool of deceit" who was never told the truth — and was instructed to tell lies — about the events that provoked the missile crisis.

"This deliberate use of an ambassador by his own government to mislead an American administration remained a moral shock to me for years to come and left me more cautious and critical of the information I received from Moscow," he writes.

The Nixon administration gave Dobrynin his greatest opportunities to pursue his own diplomatic agenda. The Soviet leadership was initially so alarmed at the prospect of a Nixon presidency that Dobrynin was instructed to offer Hubert H. Humphrey, Nixon's 1968 opponent, any form of aid he might want, including money. (Dobrynin was enormously relieved when Humphrey cut off the conversation by saying it was "more than enough for him to have Moscow's good wishes.")

To promote the "confidential channel," which for Dobrynin came to represent his finest moments as ambassador, Kissinger had a special telephone installed in the Soviet embassy on 16th Street — a "second hot line," in Dobrynin's words, "which required no dialing and was not dependent on the ordinary telephone network."

It is hard sometimes to realize that Dobrynin is writing about the one international relationship that could at any moment have ruptured into catastrophic thermonuclear war. More often in this account the Soviet-American ballet resembles a high school romantic intrigue, with the two parties bound to yet baffled by one another, both groping to figure out the other's real intentions.

Dobrynin seems never to have lost a night's sleep worrying about nuclear holocaust, at least not after the Cuban crisis. He was certain, he writes repeatedly, that none of the leaders in Moscow wanted war or even had a serious plan for world domination.

Dobrynin has no trouble denouncing hard-liners in the United States for their irrational anti-Sovietism. The anti-Soviet American who most baffles Dobrynin is Ronald Reagan. He criticizes Reagan but admires him: attacks his policies yet credits him with crucial steps that helped end the Cold War. Dobrynin forcefully and effectively rebuts the argument that Reagan somehow deserves credit for the series of domestic events that unraveled the Soviet Union, but also says that Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative jolted the Soviets to think much harder about the need for arms control. By turning from confrontation to negotiation with Moscow in his second term, Dobrynin concludes, Reagan made it possible for Gorbachev to launch his reforms.

In the end Dobrynin's world collapsed. Gorbachev brought him back to Moscow in 1986 to become a member of the Party leadership as secretary of the Central Committee responsible for international relations, but this apparent promotion never brought much power or satisfaction. Dobrynin looked on helplessly as Gorbachev floundered, then failed, a process he describes bitterly at the end of his book.

But when he sticks to the subjects he really knows, Dobrynin is a fine analyst and a wonderful raconteur. He has left a record of his life and his times that will enrich Cold War history for as long as anyone cares to read about it.

Robert G. Kaiser is managing editor of The Washington Post. He was The Post's correspondent in Moscow from 1971-74.

# Child Witness to the Color of Evil

**Claire Messud**

THE SMELL OF APPLES
By Mark Behr
St. Martin's. 200pp. $21.95

WRITING in the voice of a child is an undertaking fraught with risks: of inauthenticity, of oversimplification, of obfuscation. But through Marnus, the 11-year-old narrator of this masterful first novel, The Smell of Apples, the South African writer Mark Behr has created a portrait of Afrikaner society in the mid 1970s as vivid and as powerful as it is chilling, one that sacrifices no complexity to the chirpy naivete of its protagonist. It's not for nothing that Marnus is the smartest boy in his class.

The bulk of the novel takes place in Cape Town in the run-up to Christmas, 1973, when the visit of a mysterious Chilean general alters forever young Marnus's consciousness. His childhood has been, up to this point, blissfully secure and unquestioning, defined by the rigid mores of Afrikaner culture, the natural beauty of the Cape coastline, the company of his mischievous best friend, Frikkie, and the superficially perfect love of his parents. Marnus's father is a general in the South African Defense Force, his mother a beautiful former opera singer who relinquished her career for the delights of hearth and home, and his attractive older sister, Ilse, is in the running for Head Girl at school. All are cared for by their faithful "Coloured" servant, Doreen, and only Ilse — like their ostracized aunt Karla, who lives in England — has any doubts about the ostensibly Christian hierarchy of apartheid that circumscribes their lives.

In fact, however, their way of life is based upon fear, hatred and prejudice, an irony that emerges in Marnus's undigested parroting of his parents' conversations: "The Bantus are even dumber than the Coloureds. Luckily the Coloureds still have a bit of sailor-blood in their veins. But by now even that flows so thin, that they're mostly alcoholics who booze up all their wages over weekends"; or, referring to two of his schoolmates, "Like all Jews they're stinking rich."

Marnus's father is busy keeping that struggle alive ("Dad says it's the Afrikaners that will have to keep this country safe when trouble comes"), and to that end he plays host to the Chilean general known only as Mister Smith. At once charming and sinister, he is the unwitting herald of disaster, and the hatred Marnus develops for him is not so much directed at his actions as at the revelations that unfold in the course of his stay. It is horror enough that Doreen's 10-year-old son is attacked and severely burned by three white men — a discovery that casts young Marnus into confusion: " 'But, Mum,' I carry on. 'Why did white people do it?' " But Marnus also bears devastating witness to his father's rape of his friend Frikkie.

In less sure hands, this narrative twist might seem excessive: But the scene is marked by exquisite restraint, and Behr's taut prose captures, with magnificent sympathy, Marnus's confusion, panic and disbelief. That so delightful a voice should tell so bleak a story renders it all the more poignant.

It is curious, in light of this disillusionment, that the novel should be interspersed with episodes from Marnus's later life as a soldier in Angola in 1988. These brief, disjointed passages portray a man battling cynicism about the war, but one still obsessed with his father's rank and his father's mission, even in the face of death. The stiffened language of the military leaches all personality from the adult Marnus. In part because of this stifled voice, in part because these passages are so fleeting as to seem blurred next to the bright clarity of Marnus's childhood, the Angolan sections are the novel's weak point, and one feels that they hint at, rather than realize, a broader canvas.

Perhaps, however, Behr seeks to convey in his very prose the degree to which a stunted, unrealized future is Marnus's inescapable fate. In the novel, Ilse likens her father and the Chilean general to Moby-Dick's Captain Ahab, each intent at whatever cost upon his doomed quest. Marnus, then, is Ishmael, destined in spite of himself for shipwreck.







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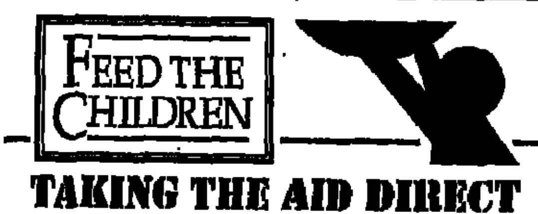
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**Feed the Children (Europe)**
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**Fax:+44 (0)1734 588 988**
**email 100523.3025@compuserve.com**

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Telephone: (41) 22 788 2455. Fax: (41) 22 788 2501.
Internet: swarup@unv.ch

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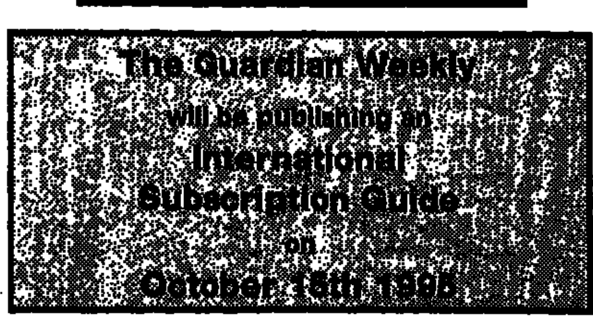
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# A match made in heaven?

It's official: women like football. But does the image that marketing men project fit the picture on the terraces? **Laura Thompson** has her doubts

*I HAVEN'T SEEN* the advertisement for a while but I remember it all too well. It was for a delivery firm. A young businesswoman employs the firm's services because they, and only they, can guarantee that she will receive on time the parcel she urgently awaits.

What can be inside it? The keys to a Ferrari? Silk stockings from Paris? How old-fashioned can you be. The urgent parcel contains nothing less relevant to the modern age than the video of a football match which, due to the pressing nature of this woman's work, she has been unable to watch live. As the advert ends, she dunks a biscuit in a mug striped with her team's colours, kicks off her elegant heels and settles down to 90 minutes of bliss.

My God, how I hated this advert, with its well-judged awareness of the fact that football has become the fashionable new signifier of female independence. Apart from anything else, I felt it was all such a fake. Certainly, yes, the occasional smart girl appears in a magazine beside a caption that reads: "Sarah, 28, PA from West London, says: 'I love going to Stamford Bridge on a Saturday afternoon!'" But this has never made me believe that, outside ad agency conference rooms and editors' excitable imaginations, women were really forging these new bonds with football.

Apparently, though, I was wrong. The Sir Norman Chester Centre for Football Research has told me as much. The results of last week's survey into match attendances prove that behind the myth lies fact: an increasing number of women are going to games. They account for around one in eight of all supporters. And, of those who have started regularly attending Premier League games since the advent of all-seater stadia, about five years ago, women represent one in four.

All-seater stadia were not the only thing that happened to football in 1990. There was also the World Cup. Common wisdom now accepts that the semi-final between England and Germany comprised a couple of hours that helped to change female attitudes towards football: women who had never before seen the point of the game suddenly got it. It no longer seemed to be about sport, or escapism, or men — it was about life, and they wanted a part of it.

In truth, Italia 90 was a glorious high point, which bore as much resemblance to the average league game as does a David Ginola cross from the wing to that of a 39-year-old bank manager playing for the NatWest Wanderers. Yet the fact that nothing comparable has since happened in football seems not to have diminished the World Cup's impact.

Over the past five years, fans have not stopped vilifying players who transfer from the team they support, or shouting racist abuse, or making Nazi salutes at the Israeli player Ronny Rosenthal. Managers have not stopped taking backhanders.

And yet, in the midst of all this evidence that little about football has changed, the belief that it has grows ever stronger. All-seater stadia have had something to do with this — at the grounds, at least, behaviour has been forced to improve. But mainly it is a marketing trick, like the advert for the delivery firm.

Football has become a powerful commercial tool. Whereas five years ago, to imply that a consumer attended matches would be to categorise them as somewhat downmarket, now it is one of the most flattering implications that you can make. You spend Saturday with your team? God, you must be young/sexy/intelligent/in tune with the times!

And women, of whom it was previously thought that they would do anything on a Saturday, even ironing, rather than watch football, now represent a whole new market. The Centre for Football Research survey says that women buy more club merchandise than men — 20.6 per cent of them spend more than £100 per season. Presumably some of this is spent on their children. But you do now see women at games wearing those terrible nylon team shirts (soon, no doubt, to become a kitsch fashion item, especially when they have the right name written on their back).

It would appear, then, that the marketing has worked. Except that, when you examine them more closely, the results of the survey don't tell quite the story that at first they seem to. No doubt they will be seen as vindication of the ad men, the trend-spotters — but are they? If that were the case, which would be the football team you would expect women to be following? The glamour teams surely, like Manchester United and Newcastle. And the London teams, especially Arsenal, subject of the book Fever Pitch, which is credited for crystallising what Italia 90 started.

If you had asked me to guess which were the Premier League teams most frequently watched by women, low on my list would have been Sheffield Wednesday, Norwich, Nottingham Forest, Leicester City and Ipswich. Where, within their modest midst, are the men whose names might be fashionably emblazoned on the back of team shirts? Transferred to Liverpool, that's where.

Yet, last season, around 17 per cent of fans at Sheffield Wednesday and Norwich were female, compared with 10 per cent or less at Arsenal, QPR and Chelsea. This leads me to believe that the average female football fan is a different creature from Sarah the PA who attends a game as she would a Blur gig (and indeed regards a sexy striker much as she would Damon Albarn). The truth is that liking the idea of football is a very different thing from regularly attending matches. It has become, I think, rather easy to confuse the two.

The most popular clubs with women are far from London and this makes me think of rugby league, a sport that scarcely exists south of Sheffield and which attracts women much in the way that it does men. These women are not there to make a feminist point, but because it is where they want to be. Their respect for the game is absolute and the last thing they would want to do is to force a change upon its essentially male nature.

This is the spirit in which they attend football matches. More of them are going than were five years ago, and this is probably because a desire to attract women to the game has led to better facilities and a safer environment, which of course can only be a good thing. But it would not be so good if it led, at the same time, to football being twisted around a powerful female finger, beneath which gleams an even more powerful credit card.



Fan fatales . . . women are flocking to watch soccer PHOTO: NEAL SIMPSON

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# Babylon revisited

OPERA
**Andrew Clements**

**THE WHOLE concept of Covent Garden's Verdi Festival, running every summer until the millennium, is built on collaboration with the regional opera companies, which will feed productions into each season alongside the Royal Opera's own shows. In July, Nabucco will arrive in London from Wales, and the Welsh National production by Tim Albery has just been unveiled in Cardiff.**

**Albery's partnership with the designer, Antony McDonald, has been one of the most important and distinctive in British opera for more than a decade. Their productions have a definite house style based on McDonald's bold use of primary colours and his fastidious graphic skill. The Nabucco sets and costumes carry his stamp.**

**How they will fare on the far larger Covent Garden stage remains to be seen, but in Cardiff's New Theatre, and I'd guess in most of the houses on WNO's autumn tour, they will look striking and dramatically effective.**

**An opera about the enslavement of the Hebrews by Nabucco (Nebuchadnezzar) and the Babylonians, lends itself all too easily to updating, and Albery and McDonald translate the action into a 20th century locale somewhere in central Europe, where a Jewish community is threatened by a gun-toting militia.**

**Dramatically and musically the opera is uneven. But the best of it — in the dramatic soprano writing for the scheming Abigaille, the orations of the Hebrew leader Zaccaria, the father-daughter duet for Nabucco and Abigaille — is top-drawer and needs to be delivered with a real sense of Verdian style. That came and went a bit; Carolo Rizzi's conducting had it almost consistently, and the WNO chorus was superbly disciplined; Janice Cairns had the dramatic presence and vocal attack for Abigaille even when the sound was cruelly raw; Willard White's bland delivery of Zaccaria's pronouncements was somewhat countered by his imposing stage presence. The replacement Fenena, Claire Shearer, was stylish and rich-toned, and best of all was Jonathan Summer's Nabucco, transforming himself from Attila-style barbarian to Lear-like visionary with huge commitment and vocal attack.**



Wizard show . . . The Welsh Opera's Nabucco boasts spectacular costumes and sets PHOTOGRAPH: HENRIETTA BUTLER

# The Donmar in search of an angel

THEATRE
**Michael Billington**

IT IS SAD to think that the Donmar Warehouse in London's Covent Garden may be forced to close its doors for lack of funds: the consistent quality of its work is confirmed by Sam Mendes's excellent revival of Tennessee Williams's The Glass Menagerie. Mendes takes a play that can easily be drowned in self conscious lyricism and gives it a cool, clear, neo-expressionist, but not unfeeling, production.

For a start Mendes and his designer, Rob Howell, remind us that the Wingfield apartment can only be approached by a fire escape: the unforgettable sound of this production is of feet clattering on the steel walkway that runs round the dress circle.

Mendes also restores Williams's original device of prefacing each scene with a projected title, although he subtly alters the content. Instead of "After the Fiasco", following the shy Laura's defection from business college, he uses "El Diablo": a phrase that is ironically employed by her brother Tom (Williams's own self-portrait) to kid his mother that he is leading a double-life as an underground tsar.

The title acquires even greater resonance when it is recalled that Tom really is leading a dual existence as a born warehouse worker and a closet poet.

But Mendes's greatest achievement is to remind us that Tennessee Williams is fundamentally a comic writer: there was a famous occasion when the author was asked to leave a production of The Glass Menagerie at the Shaw Theatre because his guffaws were apparently disturbing his fellow theatre-goers.

However, in this production we are permitted to laugh at the self-deception of Amanda Wingfield who, in summoning up a gentleman caller for her daughter, Laura, attempts to relive her own youth.

As beautifully played by Zoë Wanamaker, Amanda is someone who lives entirely in a dream world: she's forever shooting nostalgic glances at the portrait of her long-departed husband and, when the caller finally arrives, she turns into an absurdly flirty and slightly cracked Southern belle.

Even the pathos contains its own comedy: just as in Uncle Vanya you feel that Astrov is a chump for rejecting Sonya, so you feel here that the gentleman caller, although admittedly engaged elsewhere, is missing out on something valuable with Laura.

The key confrontation between them is exquisitely played, with Claire Skinner's face suddenly irradiated with hope as she is gently kissed, and with Mark Dexter implying that the caller is both bumptious and kind at the same time.

Ben Chaplin also endows Tom with exactly the right hectic, fugitive desperation.

It is a near-perfect revival that makes you hope some good angel will rescue the beleaguered Donmar Warehouse from its financial plight.

# Horror in the balance

**Deyan Sudjic** wonders whether plans to build a Holocaust gallery may be in danger of trivialising or exploiting the tragedy

THE IMPERIAL War Museum wants to build a £7 million gallery devoted to genocide in general, and the Holocaust in particular. It is making the move not primarily as an expression of regret and commemoration, or even in an attempt to ensure that a similar slaughter never takes place again — the reasons conventionally advanced for places of this sort.

Rather, it is hard not to see the proposal as an attempt to increase the credibility of a museum that has yet to live down its reputation as a mecca for gun buffs and war comic-obsessed schoolboys. As such, it is the continuation of ex-director Alan Borg's enterprising strategy of breathing life into an institution that would otherwise have declined into the same faded irrelevance as the Commonwealth Institute, with its Technicolor dioramas of sugar plantations and copper mines.

Borg built new wings for the former asylum and put on challenging exhibitions of contemporary art in a highly successful attempt to get away from the tyranny of its macabre display cases full of nail-studded clubs last used in anger during the trench warfare on the Somme.

But the very act of placing such an installation in the context of conventional museum-visiting, with its universe of postcard shops, cafés, ice-cream vans and coach parties, could be seen as trivialising the Holocaust and its unique horror. And why should a museum of warfare be considered any more appropriate for such a commemoration than, say, the Science Museum, which might mount a stomach-turning display of the effects of Zyklon B in its chemistry galleries for an ambiguous mix of motives not dissimilar to those of the Imperial War Museum?

If the object of the exercise is a meditation on the spiritual significance of genocide, then the Tate's Museum of Modern Art, a place devoted to the cultural values of the contemporary world, might be seen as a better setting.

And if such Holocaust museums are to be built at all, can they be designed in a way which effectively communicates their message, without being exploitative? Too much horror, and few but the ghoulish enthusiast of the London Dungeon will come; not enough, and you diminish the reality.

As the extraordinarily elaborate Holocaust Museum in Washington demonstrates, the use of all the artifice of modern display methods to portray the most horrifying episode in the history of the 20th century raises fundamental ethical issues, even when it is done with the clear intention of providing a memorial.

In air-conditioned comfort, the events that led to the extermination of 6 million people are aestheticised and dramatised. The Imperial War Museum, with its gestures toward academic detachment — material is to be included not just on the gas chambers, but the Turkish massacres of the Armenians, the Khmer Rouge, Rwanda and Bosnia — must tread even more carefully.

In Washington's Holocaust museum, the designers did all that they could to engage visitors emotionally, to the extent of issuing the identity of a concentration camp victim with each admission ticket. It is a powerful and highly disturbing experience. And yet the museum remains a carefully constructed artefact; one which uses some material that certainly is historically authentic, but a lot of stage management and scenography as well.

This is not a death camp, it is an evocation of one. And to build evocations of such horror is to offer a hostage to those who seek to diminish the historic reality. They are open to the charge that they represent theatre more than history.

The further away such displays are from the historical sites on which the events that they depict took place, the more ethical questions they raise. Washington is not a city which has ever had direct experience of the horrors of the Nazis.

In Germany and Poland, things are different. Aside from the chilling appearance of sinister place names in the dismayingly banal context of motorway signs, the most effective reminders of the past are the rusting steel gates of the death camps.

**Too much horror, and few but the ghoulish enthusiast will come; not enough, and you diminish the reality**

But of course even these are not quite what they seem. They cannot be left to speak entirely for themselves as mute witnesses to the past. If they are not to rust away altogether, they have to be repaired and maintained, and the boundary between maintenance and creative reinterpretation is quickly crossed.

There is evidence, too, that they do not touch the current generation of schoolchildren whom an ambivalently penitent modern Germany encourages to visit the camps in the same way as it did their parents.

For the sake of educating this generation, it is argued, it is necessary to reinforce historical relics with more dramatic museum-keeping. Part of the difficulty is the difference between memorials, which are more concerned with evocation than explanation, and museums.

Memorials rely for their impact on achieving a sufficient degree of abstraction to offer a sense that loss and injustice are universal memories. It is that abstraction which gives Paris's monument to the deportation its power and resonance.

It does not create a literal memorial, rather it relies on the power of architectural suggestion, in the way that Maya Lin's Vietnam monument did, before Ross Perot insisted on adding a hyper-realistic troop of soldiers.

The gates of Auschwitz are literal reminders, but have also acquired a symbolic, abstracted quality that makes them haunting and instantly recognisable. The carefully propped-up atomic dome of Hiroshima has the same kind of impact.

Museums dare not indulge in that sense of abstraction — hence the difficulties in creating appropriate museums of the Holocaust. If they are not to seem exploitative, they must be memorials as well as museums. Yet that involves sacrificing detachment and objectivity.

Perhaps every museum unwittingly betrays much more about the society that built it than the subject to which it is ostensibly dedicated. This is certainly true of monuments, as shown by the tortuous history of Berlin's attempts to construct a memorial to the victims of the Third Reich.

After selection of a central site, a national fundraising campaign and a high-profile competition to decide how best to commemorate the Holocaust, Berlin is still no nearer to making up its mind. It is caught between a sense that any kind of German monument to the Holocaust will seem like conscience-salving, and the fear that any effective monument will need to be protected from vandalism and terrorism in perpetuity.

In this context, the most provocative suggestion was to demolish the Brandenburg Gate, and to use the rubble to construct a memorial to the missing millions. It is certainly one that would involve a genuine historic sacrifice.





# Deviations on a theme

DANCE
**Judith Mackrell**

LLOYD NEWSON'S latest piece, Enter Achilles, which is touring the country, is about men behaving badly. That's not just badly as in getting very pissed and arsing around. It's badly as in beating up any male who's remotely effeminate; badly as in slashing the breasts of a plastic sex doll and badly as in repressing emotion.

Eight dancers, confined in a claustrophobic pub interior, share a 75-minute drinking session that becomes more angry, defensive and explosive by the pint. The group's body language is brilliantly and often hilariously observed. Several of the men are raw with tension, their chins thrusting like turkey-cocks, their legs as stiff as a group of drilling squaddies.

Periodically the beer turns them into puppies so that they sprawl into rugby scrums, beam blearily, sing sentimental songs and snicker. But it also turns them nasty. One man at least is covertly gay but he tries to be one of the lads. The first time they turn against him he fulfils every boy's dream by whirling around and trouncing his attackers, his clothes falling off to reveal his Superman suit. But the next time is for real, with ugly fighting and even uglier mimed rape.

The same violence is unleashed against a plastic doll which gets beaten up in brutal pantomime sex and mutilated with a broken bottle. The hatred of women, of physical affection is wound to a terrifying pitch. These, says the show, are the feelings and fantasies men store up to take home after a night at the pub.

As we watch these scenes, though, it's not actually the anger and repression that most shocks — we know it all too well. What's really startling is the fact that a group of men could have produced such an unloving and unforgiving portrait of themselves.

Newson has made a brilliant career out of anatomising the politics of sex — from male alienation to female masochism — and by instinct and circumstance he's a polemicist. Before becoming a dancer he studied for a degree in psychology, which fuelled his dissatisfaction with the gap between dance and the real world. As a gay man he was frustrated by the heterosexual images of sex that dominated his art. His own work has been that of an outsider, making his experiences visible and prodding the establishment into a little discomfort.

His new work, Enter Achilles, however, originated from Newson's own feelings of discomfort with his sex. He was working in Glasgow with some male dancers who happened to be straight and, spending time with them, he found himself in an unfamiliar "hard man" culture of pubs, pints and anti-gay attitudes. He watched himself, fascinated, as he tried to fit in. "Men have been criticised for oppressing women," he says, "but we also have to realise how much we oppress ourselves."

Newson observed how most men are in denial — "so much of our masculinity is defined by negatives". To explore this he developed a broad scenario which he then spent weeks improvising with his eight dancers. The latter contributed many of the final words and actions, and some of the show's most worrying moments, Newson insists, are theirs — the violence with the doll, the filthiest jokes. This is important, because Newson feels that what he learnt about his dancers — their aggressive defences and their unwillingness to share their secrets — bore out the rest of his research and proved that the viciousness and inhibition portrayed in Enter Achilles "represent the vast majority of heterosexual men".

He talks about how his cast of largely straight dancers turned out to be much more buttoned up than any comparable group of gay men he's worked with (although he's anxious to stress that gay men recognise aspects of themselves in the show). But Enter Achilles deliberately presents only the damning evidence against men. The extreme discomfort I and many other women felt with Newson's grim portrayal of victimised women in his earlier work (is that really how he saw us?) I now find myself feeling on behalf of men (are they really so vile?).

Apart from a few snatched moments of camaraderie, a guilty bit of sensitivity, and of course the token vulnerable gay man, there was no glimpse of the way individuals operate within the social mould, of the tension between men's eccentricities and decencies and their horrible gang behaviour.

Although there is some text in Enter Achilles, it's the movement that carries the bulk of characterisation and makes the larger statements. This may work against precise social detail and it may make us think in generalisations, but actually some of the show's most individualising moments turn out to be the purest passages of dance — a man performing a gracefully meditative solo with a beer glass, a duet that's half brawling, half affectionate play. It's through these that we get rare inside glimpses of the men.

But even if Enter Achilles feels as if it was made to prove a point, and even if its aim seems skewed, it does manage to splatter a lot of targets en route. The humour and the horror of it will touch nerves, cause arguments and revisit the debate about nineties man. It may not be a credible human document but it does effectively and entertainingly what all polemic should do — which is divide its audience into angry support or dissent.

Achilles heels . . . are men really so vile? PHOTOGRAPH: GADI DAGOW

# First cut is the unkindest

TELEVISION
**Stuart Jefferies**

**THE TITLE of It's A Boy! (War Cries, Channel 4) promised a supercilious documentary. Instead, it became a passionate critique of circumcision — especially when performed without anaesthetic by religious men with no medical qualifications — from journalist, director and concerned Jewish parent Victor S Schonfeld.**

**The film showed the circumcision of eight-day-old Joshua Hawksworth at a synagogue in the Midlands. Rabbi David Singer restrained the bawling baby's legs in bandages and started work with a double-edged knife.**

**Three days later, Schonfeld got a call from the boy's father: the baby was in intensive care, requiring an antibiotic drip and oxygen because of an infection resulting from the circumcision. The film estimated that one in 50 circumcisions result in complications — everything from psychological trauma to death.**

**Schonfeld contrasted this with a circumcision performed by a doctor on a Muslim baby who had been treated with a local anaesthetic. No complications there, except for several days of pain after the anaesthetic wore off.**

**The continued practice of ritual circumcision, claimed doctor and psychologist Jane Goodman, was rationalised in terms of improved health, but really concerned "our fear of being cast out from the tribe". She hoped that just as Judaism had evolved from ritual child sacrifice and castration to mere circumcision, so it would evolve beyond this painful mini-sacrifice into something less disturbing.**

# A voyage of not much discovery

CINEMA
**Derek Malcolm**

THE TIME is 1970, and that's significant. Ron Howard's Apollo 13, the story of the moon mission that went wrong, takes place before the worst of Vietnam, before Watergate and before the murder of Martin Luther King. It was, especially for those now prone to nostalgia, a time of achievement and hope. They brought those boys back from the moon, didn't they? And they did it by adhering to the best American values. As mission controller Ed Harris says: "I'm not going to lose a ship on my watch."

The film is often quite boring, since you know how it ends before it begins and there's a limit to what you can do as the astronauts, led by double Oscar-winner Tom Hanks, float about anxiously in their doomed craft.

You know also that, to break up the potential monotony of that, there will be scenes of excitement, panic, hope and despair back at Mission Control, and a tidy number of gutsy family scenes, where wives, children, parents and grandparents watch TV and await the phone calls.

You also know that the astronauts themselves — Hanks, Bill Paxton, Kevin Bacon and poor Gary Sinese as the one who didn't go — will be given a little humour at first and then a lot of pained courage to express. You know almost everything about this film before you go in. But the film makes it possible to suspend disbelief at the essential blandness of the human characters — and there's the technology to admire.

From that point of view, this is Howard's best film, so proficiently done that to complain would seem daft during a year when absolute dross is often the order of the day.

There are moments when the film transcends itself. The initial blast-off, which was not much publicised until the mission went wrong, is superbly done. There are good performances too, especially from Ed Harris as mission controller, a man who won't admit defeat. You'd want to have him around if you were trapped under a bus, let alone in a failing spacecraft.

Kathleen Quinlan is also impressive as the wife who knows the score but is determined not to let anyone in her family know she knows. Everybody, in fact, is perfectly adequate as back-ups to production values that not only look special but assist the understanding of the technical hazards and their eventual solutions.

Even so, Apollo 13 lacks something. Perhaps it's the lack of an outstanding director, perhaps that no one could have the co-operation of Washington and Nasa and still make a real, risk-taking movie.

Christopher Hampton was probably right to plead that a release in Britain before the United States was not the best thing for Carrington, his debut film as director. Look what happened with Four Weddings And A Funeral when touted here as "America's favourite comedy".

It is a particularly British habit to whack our own product unless somebody else praises it first. This possibly happens most when a British period film saunters elegantly into view. And make no mistake, Carrington is an elegant film. Fortunately, however, the taste of this delineation of the love affair between the homosexual Lytton Strachey, writer of Eminent Victorians, and the bisexual, slightly androgynous painter Dora Carrington, has an appropriately sour edge to it, too. As, incidentally, had Michael Holroyd's book, which inspired the film.

It would be quite wrong to characterise it as an attempt to out-Ivory the popular but suddenly critically unfashionable James. Instead, the film aims to produce a much flatter surface upon which to paint its portrait of two eccentrics who received much succour from each other, despite sexual appetites that led them in different directions.

It is a brave if not entirely successful attempt to make a distinctly different period film — one that doesn't constantly nudge its audience in certain prescribed directions but instead allows us to think for ourselves about the period — between the first world war and the early thirties — and the personalities who seemed to want the century to pass more quickly so that their ideas and morality wouldn't seem so dangerous.

What keeps it going are the performances of the two principals. Jonathan Pryce as Strachey gives easily the best performance of his screen career, and Emma Thompson, though by no means everyone's idea of Carrington, transcends less than perfect casting.

In fact, Pryce — bearded, tetchy and hardly immediately lovable — is nevertheless so consistently watchable that the film might have been called Strachey rather than Carrington. Only the most churlish raised an eyebrow when he duly won the Best Actor award at Cannes this year. The question is: do we really want to know about Strachey and Carrington, or are they Bloomsbury eccentrics of some amusement but hardly great relevance for today? The film may stand or fall depending upon your view.

What it does is emphasise that love is a good deal more important than sex, though the thought is more than a little weakened by both participants' determination to pursue sex, even if not necessarily with each other.

Hampton's writing is as crisp as always, less careful than his direction and capable of a greater variety of expression. Thus we have Strachey moving from pompous vileness towards Carrington to an almost pathetic acknowledgement of how much he needs her, while her feeling of total desolation when the game is up is given moving expression by the writing as well as by Thompson's performance.

Hampton's début is more than just promising. It's a view of a seemingly weird part of society that succeeds in persuading us that perhaps they were more "normal" than one would suspect. Uneven as it sometimes is, Carrington is a considerable achievement for anybody who doesn't immediately turn off when representatives of the gentry heave, imprisoned in period costume, on to our screens.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
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# Insiders' Bosnia

**Maggie O'Kane**

The Death of Yugoslavia
by Laura Silber and Allan Little
Penguin 400pp £6.99

TWO YEARS ago, BBC television commissioned a documentary series to provide the authoritative account of the war in former Yugoslavia. Hundreds of the main figures, generals, presidents and killers, were interviewed. The transcript of these programmes is the basis of this book.

Breaking the mould of passionate, personal and often pedantic books on the former Yugoslavia, Allan Little and Laura Silber offer a different kind of reading experience. They begin with a dispassionate account of the lead-up to the war in the elegant Serbian Academy of Sciences, where the intellectual originators of "ethnic cleansing" first devised their blueprint for the future. The book finally exposes the untruths that have allowed western governments to wash their hands of former Yugoslavia.

It shows that there was nothing inevitable about the war, debunking the British Foreign Office's favoured narrative: the one about "warring factions" and half-mad "ethnic groups" who had been just waiting for Tito to die so they could start slaughtering each other. All this makes depressing reading. After four years of despair, it's not heartening to learn that Radovan Karadzic, leader of the Bosnian Serbs, took the view back in 1991 that: "If Nato put 5,000 troops at a couple of strategic points, our plans would be finished."

Little, a BBC correspondent in the region since 1991 and Silber, an American journalist who has lived in the Serbian capital, Belgrade, since the early eighties, draw on his years on the front line of the war and her knowledge of the language and politics of the region. They convince you that this has been a war orchestrated by men who meant to stay in power by any means available. In 1989, as communism collapsed, these men played the nationalist card. The main player was the Serbian president, Slobodan Milosevic (though the role of Croatia's leader Franjo Tudjman is clearly, and damningly, outlined). As European negotiators were patiently attending Milosevic, to beg his help in negotiations, he was emptying his prisons of their worst thugs and killers, provided that they would agree to go to Bosnia for "ethnic cleansing". "Every time, it was Milosevic who personally asked me to send my forces," says the leader of the Serbian White Eagle paramilitaries, recently turned supergrass on his former boss.

Now, as Nato bombers have finally done what they should have done in June 1992, forcing the Bosnian Serbs to lift the siege against Sarajevo, it might be useful to try again to catch up on Bosnia. Reading this book — the most authoritative account that has been written — is probably the best way to do that. But it is not a book for the half-hearted.



A Bosnian Serb couple among the 65,000 refugees heading for Banja Luka PHOTOGRAPH: DRAGO VEJNOVIC

## Paperbacks

Nicholas Lezard

**Legal Fictions: Short Stories About the Law, ed Jay Wishingrad (Quartet, £10.00)**

A COLLECTION so rewarding that you wonder why it hasn't been done before. Maybe it has. The connection between law and fiction is (especially in the case of testimony) a strong and close one. Big names included are Kafka — who says it all in "Before the Law", Melville, Greene, Lampedusa, Thomas Wolfe and Gaddis. Give it to your lawyer friends to show you've got their number. If you haven't got any, read it yourself.

**East, West, by Salman Rushdie (Vintage, £5.99)**

IF YOU got bogged down in the opening pages of The Satanic Verses, you might prefer to ease yourselves into Rushdie's fiction with this excellent collection of short stories. As the title has it, they are either about Asia or Europe, or areas where the twain meet. The mild twitting of piety in "The Prophet's Hair" is, strictly speaking, inoffensive, but brave under the circumstances.

**Richard Ingrams: Lord of the Gnomes, by Harry Thompson (Mandarin, £6.99)**

WHAT would happen to the Eye, Peter Cook was asked, if Ingrams went mad? "Oh, he did that years ago," he replied. Ingrams, cheeker of the Establishment from within, remains unknowable, but this is a gossipy, fun history of hacks and their world. Firmly on Ingrams's (and his successor's) side, but if the word "arslikhan" springs to mind, would you expect the author to believe Nigel Dempster instead?

**The Big If . . . by Steve Bell (Methuen, £7.99)**

NOW published in A4 format, hence the title, bringing together two years' of If . . . strips from the country's greatest political cartoonist. Running them all together makes Bell's political acuity — and his sense of humour — seem all the more remarkable. One's views should never stray far from the Bell line. I'd have gone mad if he hadn't been around for the last 16 years.

**First World War, by Martin Gilbert (HarperCollins, £9.99)**

HOW DOES Martin Gilbert write so much? And how, more to the point, does he maintain quality control? This is surely one of the best histories of WWI that will ever appear, alternating between close-ups and long-shots, bringing the horror almost unbearably into focus. You will finally learn how it all started, too, and perhaps come to suspect that the next war will start, not like WWII, but like this one.



# Merely players in disguise

**Claire Messud**

Morality Play
by Barry Unsworth
Hamish Hamilton 188pp £14.99

BARRY UNSWORTH'S novels roam across the centuries. His last, of course, was the Booker-Prize-winning Sacred Hunger, a massive, minutely detailed recreation of an 18th century slave-ship voyage which, in its breadth and tone, owed more to the 19th century than to any other. His new novel, Morality Play, reaches back a further 300 years to a small, frosty town in plague-ridden medieval England. It is as slim and restrained a volume as its predecessor was expansive.

Nicholas Barber, the book's narrator, is an errant priest, whose flight from the tedious task of transcribing Homer has led him into dire straits. Penniless, cold and hungry, he joins a motley band of players en route to Durham to perform for their patron's cousin. Having just lost one of their number, they agree to take him on; but they are as poor as he is, and haven't even got the money to bury their comrade. In order to raise some, they stop to put on their plays in the first town along the road.

This grim little town, however, under the protectorate of the appropriately named Lord de Guise, is in mysterious uproar over the murder of one of its citizens, a boy named Thomas Wells. A young woman has been hastily tried and sentenced for the crime, and her execution awaits only the final verdict of a justice brought in from elsewhere.

Martin, the leader of the players, decides to make a play of the murder, in the hope of capitalising on the townspeople's fascination with it. In the circumscribed feudal society of the times, this is a bold, not to say foolhardy, undertaking, but Martin is spurred on by principle as much as by greed. "It has been in my mind for years now that we can make plays from stories that happen in our lives," he says. "I believe this is the way plays will be made in the times to come." Attempting to re-enact the crime, however, the players find the official narrative riddled with inconsistencies, and almost in spite of their better judgment they embark upon an investigation to unmask the true culprit.

Masking and unmasking, play and reality, the relation of meaning to narrative — these are, necessarily, the themes of a tale about performance, and about the discovery of truth through performance. Unsworth's is not a particularly original or subtle exploration, and at times the novel reads like a primer in post-modern alienation: "I felt no relation to anything I saw because no one knew what I was. I did not know myself. A fugitive priest is a priest still, but an untried player, what is he?" reflects the narrator; and, of his audience: "I wondered if these people too, who seemed able to move as they wished about the yard, were in truth constrained to behave as they did and were only pretending to be free . . ." All the world's a stage, and all that.

UNSWORTH has opted for the 14th century in part, it would seem, for atmosphere: "There was a strong smell of the privy out in the yard. The nightsoil gatherers had not yet passed this way"; or, of a jailkeeper, "He held up his lantern, grinning at us, showing a mouth of ruined teeth." This is well done, as far as it goes, and Unsworth has clearly researched the period admirably. But one can't help but wish for a medieval jailkeeper with a row of sparkling pearly whites, or an inn yard that smells of supper, or even straw, rather than shit: historical detail can too readily blunt narrative force, if, in its very accuracy, it becomes predictable.

Presumably, though, Unsworth has other, more trenchant reasons for telling this particular story and, given the novel's title, it is difficult not to search for analogies to our contemporary situation. There is a priest who has abandoned his religion for acting; an accused murderer who literally cannot speak; and, in the shadowy Lord de Guise, a manifestation of corrupt power — all profitable symbols of something.

The presence of the plague and the plot's revelations of sodomy lead one to ponder possible connections to homosexuality and Aids in our own era; but this seems too glib and, given what takes place, too reactionary a reading.

The novel is more profoundly engaged with questions of identity in the absence of God, and with the perils of trying to shape reality into meaningful art — a warning which much contemporary fiction might heed. It is also about the perils of artifice itself: the magical force of representation was once something to be feared, as perhaps it still ought to be.

Ultimately, as Nicholas Barber suggests, "God has not given us this story to use. He has not revealed to us the meaning of it. So it has no meaning, it is only a death. Players are like other men, they must use God's meanings, they cannot make meanings of their own, that is heresy, it is the source of all our woes, it is the reason our first parents were cast out." As audience, too, we should perhaps refrain from making meanings: taken simply as a story, Unsworth's Morality Play is certainly engaging and deft. Its "morality", however, for all the unmasking, remains provokingly obscure.

# The price of unhappiness

**THERE is an important book to be written on women poets, and Germaine Greer could have been just the woman to write it, *writes Elaine Feinstein.***

**Unfortunately, Slip-shod Sibyls: Recognition, Rejection And The Woman Poet (Viking, £20), approaches the task with the questionable conviction that poetry does not come naturally to a woman and is usually destructive to her. The women poets she has chosen to consider — with the exception of the elusive Sappho, who is disposed of as little more than a myth — have been selected to make her case. A hundred pages, for instance, are devoted to an excellent biographical account of Laetitia Landon, a poet widely praised in the 19th century, but there is no examination of the genius of Emily Dickinson. Where Greer does acknowledge the power of poetry written by Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton, she does so in order to single out self-dramatisation and boundless egoism as concomitants of their eventual suicide.**

**But unhappiness is not the prerogative of the female poet, though Greer seems intent on finding it so. No one can choose between being "happy and mute, or unhappy and articulate". Women poets who do not fit Greer's stereotype, such as Elizabeth Bishop or Marianne Moore, are not considered in this book on the excuse that "they are not those that excite the popular imagination".**

**Can it really be the same Germaine Greer who most significantly opened the doors of opportunity for her sex?**

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# Seductive charm of a life-enhancer

**Andrew Motion**

The Redress of Poetry: Oxford Lectures
by Seamus Heaney
Faber 213pp £15.99

WHEN Seamus Heaney first began publishing poems in the mid-sixties, most critics praised his sensuality as an end in itself. Things have come a long way. Now we accept that his views of nature can't easily be separated from issues of nationalism — of Irish politics, English interventions and a specifically Catholic sensibility. The juicy radicalism of his language is defiant as well as engrossing; it embodies a complex argument about identity and trouble.

But like the poets he most admires, Heaney very rarely tells us what to think. The axioms in his philosophy are axioms we feel upon our pulses; his ideas are embedded in things. Moreover, the figure he cuts in his poems — even when rigid with horror or willowy with elation — is always self-effacing. He is, in one of his most celebrated formulations, "neither internee nor informer; /An inner émigré, grown long-haired /And thoughtful".

This has something to do with the sense of an audience, as well as poetic principles. The modesty of Heaney's voice is designed to secure sympathy before revealing its whole design. In his essays he cannot work in quite the same way. Yet The Redress Of Poetry, like his previous two prose collections, adopts a manner that comes very close to reproducing the seductive strategies of the poems. Its charm is as remarkable as its intelligence.

The book brings together nine of the 15 lectures Heaney gave during his time as professor of poetry at Oxford (from 1989-1994) and, in most of them, he plays himself down so that we play into his hands. In the Introduction, he says he only discovered the "true critical course" of the series by "following a poetic sixth sense", and in what follows, he keeps stepping back from his opinions to tell us that what he is offering is "something of a truism", "the obvious thing", and "not . . . anything new".

The effect of such remarks, when combined with a style that repeatedly punctuates its rhetorical flights with colloquialisms like "finger him", "laid-back" and "sexist rubbish", is to customise his criticism. Where Eliot, say, or Empson, constantly throw down challenges and flaunt their learning, Heaney issues polite invitations and governs his tongue.

It follows that the theme of his lectures seems, at first glance, less demanding and much less confrontational than it proves to be. Even when explaining the "redress" of the title he sounds Romantically accommodating. The word, he says, means "the way [poetry] justifies its readers' trust and vindicates itself by setting its 'fine excess' in the balance against all of life's inadequacies, desolations and atrocities" — irrespective of politically correct considerations that might damage its chances.

Heaney keeps up this exalted emphasis throughout his opening and closing lectures (The Redress of Poetry itself, and Frontiers of Writing), and brings it to a climax by agreeing with Nadezhda Mandelstam's view that poetry is a "vehicle for world harmony". In the process, he commends several contemporary Northern Irish writers for their creative "two-mindedness", values "tone [and] musical trueness" as much as ideological rectitude, and insists that "the practical and the poetic" need to be reconciled. Both pieces mount a splendid defence of the humanity of "the humanities".

In the book's seven central lectures, Heaney concentrates on individual writers and we discover that, while the outlines of his argument can afford to seem gallantly generous, its details are hard and challenging. Reading Wilde's "Ballad Of Reading Gaol", he shows that the poem allows Wilde to convert himself "into the kind of propagandist poet his mother (the fiery Speranza) had been 50 years before". And he praises Hugh MacDiarmid for effecting "a reorientation of attitudes to [his] country's two indigenous languages, the Scots Gaelic of the Highlands and Islands and the vernacular Scots of the Borders and Lowlands".

In none of these lectures does Heaney hector his English audience, or denounce earlier generations of readers for failing to give credit where it was due. All the same, he carefully and deliberately identifies Clare, Wilde and MacDiarmid as revolutionary outsiders — writers whose integrity has brought them hostility or neglect, and whose refusal to conform is an essential part of their power. They are linked by this to his other and less obviously subversive subjects. Why? Because it is not simply the fact of opposition and argument that Heaney values, but the ways in which they can be integrated or transmuted.

Take his remarks about Brian Merriman, the Munster-based author of "The Midnight Court". This long poem, Heaney says, "does constitute a definite, exhilarated retort to economic conditions and matrimonial patterns in east Clare in the late eighteenth century", but not in ways that make it seem "an act of civic concern". Its "great triumph", indeed, is that "it feels utterly unconstrained" — an imaginative freedom Heaney also finds in "Hero and Leander" (the subject of another lecture).

He accepts that the greedy luxuries of Marlowe's couplets might give us pause in "our own post-colonial time", but refuses to read them merely as a function of oppressive Elizabethan discourse. "The poem is at one and the same time a structure of sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not, a tongue-in-cheek love story and an intimation of a far more generous and desirable way of being alive in the world."

Heaney's remaining lectures amplify the same point. Discussing Elizabeth Bishop and Dylan Thomas, he couches it in personal terms — saying that Bishop's great poem "One Art" conquers "a temptation to self-pity", and that in Thomas's best work "the song of the self" becomes "a perfect measure and match for the world it sang in".

Comparing Yeats and Larkin, he takes things a stage further, giving the laurel to Yeats's "The Man and the Echo" because it conceives "a new plane of regard" for the depressed mind, and gently resisting Larkin's "Aubade" because it "does not take up the lyre in the face of the gods of the underworld; it does not make the Orphic effort to haul life back up the slope against all the odds".

This is all heart-lifting stuff — but it does raise questions. If we think that Larkin is mawkish in "Aubade", then we must agree with Heaney's criticism. If, on the other hand, we feel that the poem registers despair in an extraordinarily balanced and honest way, we might wonder: does Heaney's poetic philosophy — for all its openness — in fact have its own kind of boundary?

Does he believe so absolutely in the poet's duty to show an affirming flame that moods which simply refuse to be transfigured are intrinsically inferior? And if they are, what is the poet to do about them? Suppress them? Ignore them? Leave them out altogether?

Keep trying is his answer. One of his greatest strengths as a writer is to ensure that high-mindedness never escapes the limits of familiar experience — but at the same time he leaves us in no doubt that his first loyalty is to what Yeats called "the spiritual intellect's great work". Self-deprecating but delighting, The Redress Of Poetry is a wonderful addition to the Heaney canon — as life-enhancing in its way as the poems it celebrates.

Seamus Heaney . . . 'an inner émigré, grown long-haired and thoughtful' PHOTOGRAPH: PACEMAKER PRESS

# Thomas Mann, ambassador for himself

**Michael Hofmann**

Thomas Mann: A Life
by Donald Prater
Oxford University Press 554pp £20

IT IS hard to generate much warmth about a life of Thomas Mann. You even wonder if the Mann himself did while living it, or if life to him wasn't more in the nature of a draft CV — an orderly, third-person production accelerating him into world celebrity.

He wasn't quite 50 when he observed, without much apparent sense of loss: "So, in later years, one's active life becomes that of a bustling businessman." Even Donald Prater, at pains to humanise him throughout with "Thomas" and even "Tommy", falls into a mechanical idiom at times: "the Thomas Mann enterprise was proceeding much as usual, his daily round in the accustomed groove."

Accordingly, this book can be like reading a biography of a biography, though Prater isn't really to blame. He performs a demanding task — Mann is the German writer who has had more written about him than any other except Goethe, on whom, efficiently and creditably, he modelled himself.

As a subject for biography, Mann's life is almost ideally bad, with its Victorian length and deliberateness and probity, full of productiveness and wordy self-examination, and lived largely in the glare of 20th century American publicity.

Mann was a very good, possibly great, writer who lived for a long time (four score years, 1875-1955); had a happy settled childhood; was successful early (Buddenbrooks, the novel that won him the Nobel in 1929 was his first, completed in 1900); was famous and comfortable beyond the expectation of writers, dining with Roosevelt; was waved through American immigration on one occasion by an official saying, "Ah, *the* Thomas Mann. Welcome home, sir!"; was talked of as a possible president of West Germany after the war; kept servants, built four houses and owned others; was the mainstay of two publishing houses, an occupier of staterooms and Pullman cars and an early frequent flier, a connoisseur of academic praise for himself and collector of honorary degrees, "every inch the statesman of literature", a truly ambassadorial figure.

With an ambassador, you know at least he represents some country. Thomas Mann represented chiefly himself, manifesting, in his own words, "a certain phlegmatic egoism", "wondering what will become of me in this confusion" (the second world war, if you please), before announcing: "I've decided to allow the war time for one more fairly extensive novel." He stood for now rather misty-sounding things like "standards and values", and, repeatedly qualified by all kinds of epithets, "humanism". He is still, I think, the most extreme case of the novelist as public figure, always liable to be distracted by interviews and speeches. The appetite he satisfied — or maybe helped create — persists in Germany — witness the careers of Heinrich Böll, Christa Wolf or Günter Grass.

Prater sets considerable store by Mann's politics, but I find them just as unwise and inconstant as those of most writers. The "slight foolishness" he ascribed to California, I find in him; it's probably why he chose to settle there. The kind thing to say is that Mann's politics were always attractively out of step with his time.

When Germany was convulsed by revolution in 1918, he brought out his patriotic Unpolitical Reflections — with the standard conservative pretence that conservatism isn't political. He became a democrat and Weimar supporter just as that republic was failing. He negotiated with the Nazis for a new passport and the return of his property up until 1936, to the exasperation of fellow-exiles and his older children. In the fifties, he found himself labelled a communist sympathiser in McCarthyite America and a pro-GDR man by the West Germans.

The unkind view of his politics is that they were selfish, and conditioned by his enormous turning-circle.

He was not only artist and bourgeois, but a father of six children (instinctively 'a family man', Prater says) who repressed his homosexuality all his life (in his seventies, trembling for a letter from a Swiss waiter); an epic novelist and also a rent-a-quote man; a man of iron routine and considerable underachievement — 23 years between Buddenbrooks and his next big novel, The Magic Mountain.

This is not a fashionably righteous and debunking account — an "attack biography" — though Mann is an obvious target: difficult to like, too open to distraction, vain, self-satisfied and combative, his books increasingly broad as his ideas dried up, his humour generally too pompous.

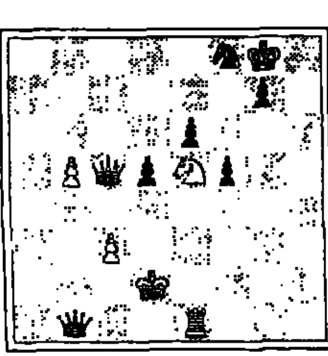
To anyone who finds these views too corrosive — as I do myself — I would suggest reading Buddenbrooks for the family background, and Tonio Kröger for the life and outlook. Mann saved the best of himself for his books, which is how it should be.

## Chess Leonard Barden

*MICHAEL ADAMS'S* victory at the £100,000 Intel London final was not just the first British success in a Grand Prix event but the first for anyone outside the élite of Kasparov, Kramnik, Anand and Ivanchuk. Speed chess at 50 minutes per game suits Adams, who has a fine instinct for good moves and plans, avoiding blunders and neutering his opponent's army.

A disastrous event for the seeds aided the 23-year-old Cornishman's path to the final, which he won 2-0 from Dreev, the Russian who earlier eliminated Ivanchuk and Anand. Their tied mini-matches went into a blitz shoot-out where White had five minutes to Black's four, but a draw put Black into the next round.

Ivanchuk and Anand both had white pawns poised to queen when their flags fell, while Dreev still had a few seconds left. Playing good chess in these conditions was actually a handicap, as the finish of Anand v Dreev shows:



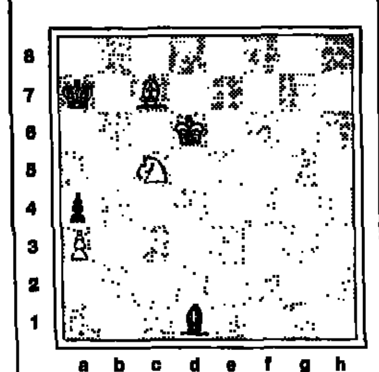
The Indian is a rook up after excellent play but he has to push his pawn and find a safe king hole, while Dreev simply shuffles his queen hoping for a few checks. With 10 seconds each left, they blitzed out 1 . . . **Qb2+ 2 Ke3 Qh2 3 Nf3 Qh6+ 4 Ke2 Qh5!** The right idea. A one-square move is quicker to make . . . **5 Qd4 Qh3 6 Rg1 g6 7 b6?** . . . but stretching the hand across the board takes precious microseconds. **Qh5! 8 b7? Qh7! 9 b8Q??** The fatal blunder. As it dawned on Anand that he didn't have another queen handy, his flag fell. 1 Kd1!, a one-square move, wins since Dreev's flag would have fallen in making the long move Qxb7.

This grotesque finish would be okay in the Kensington one-day minor but in a top world event it transforms chess into instant scratch cards. It also diminishes the PCA and Intel, which set the conditions. The GMs are playing for $5,000 a game, so such miscarriages of justice could be avoided.

Give each player the right, when 10-20 seconds remain, to request an extra half minute clock time for each side, on payment of $1,000 to the opponent. It would be worth the stiff financial penalty only when a player had a position like Anand's, totally won but needing a few more seconds.

This new rule would also revive an ancient tradition, for in the earliest years of chess clocks you didn't automatically lose but were fined by the organisers for extra time.

**No 2389**



Miles v Panno, Lucerne 1985. The game was declared a draw under the 50-move rule just as Miles spotted a clear win. Unlucky for him, but the win requires some elegant manouevres so you'll do well to work it out in half an hour. Assume that K+B+NvK is a win, and K+B+aPvK is a draw.

**No 2388:** 1 Ba1! Ke5 2 Bb2 and if Kf4 3 Nf3 d4 4 Ba1 d3 5 Be5 mate, or 2 . . . Kd6 3 Bc1 Ke5 4 Bxe3 Kd6 5 Bf4 mate.

# Such a welcome wilderness

**Paul Evans**

*WHEN* I was a kid, these fields were called the Chocolates; I never did know why. Then they flowed from the edge of Wellington into the deeply rural north Shropshire plain, maintaining the link between this ancient market town and its countryside hinterland. Now the fields are hemmed in on all sides by development. New roads, old railway lines, housing estates, playing-fields, scrap yards and car showrooms: the remaining 20 acres are a bit of encapsulated countryside, besieged by the post-modern irony of Telford's urban sprawl.

Anyone under 30 will probably think this is typical wrinkly whingeing about how better things were back in the old days. Indeed, it's the speed at which the rural and urban environment changed that inspired many of my generation to join the conservation movement. But change is not always for the worse, and something wonderful is happening here.

Some years ago, when the Chocolates were cut in half by one of Telford's new roads, looping into the void, and everything to the north became a housing estate, the landowners abandoned farming. Ever since, what's left has been thriving on benign neglect. This is rough grassland turning into scrub: descriptions which suggest a coarse, vernacular, common place. And so it is. This is urban wilderness.

Wilderness is not a place, it's an idea . . . about the ascent of wild nature; nature beyond human governance. Here the grasses, wildflowers, skylarks, partridge, beetles and butterflies are the living reality of that idea: unplanned, unmanaged, undefined, wild. Oak, birch, willow, hazel dogrose are themselves establishing in the grass from the remnants of old hedges and seeds blown in. This is a process of natural succession. In the not too distant future, these fields will be a wood. Nature is dancing to the rhythm of its own drum.



ILLUSTRATION: BARRY LARKING

In 1991, consultants to the local authority carried out an ecological survey. It was a good place for rabbits, they concluded, but because they didn't find any unusual species, they rated it as having little intrinsic ecological value. Designation as an open space for the purposes of including it in the planning framework for Telford's Green Network has protected it from having houses built all over it. But any designation can be a double-edged sword.

If the fields had been thought to have high ecological value — say they were eligible for Site of Special Scientific Interest status — then there would have been intrusive management to halt the natural changes in order to protect certain species or habitats: freeze-frame conservation. Having low ecological value, but being an important open space, there is an assumption towards "positive" intervention: to manage the site to increase its biological diversity and value to people. That's gardening. Stuffing the place full of planted trees in little plastic tubes and controlling the grass and scrub will remove the true ecological potential of the place. Any intervention will alter the natural self-determination of this landscape. On the other hand, having no designation could mean opening the door to development.

This urban wilderness has massive intrinsic ecological, aesthetic and social value. With its tawny grass stems and the most incredible harvest of scarlet hawthorn berries ever seen, it's wonderful now. But who knows what plants and animals will live here in the future. Why are we so fearful of letting nature take the lead and having human values fit in with it, rather than the other way round?

We don't need areas the size of the Cairngorms to introduce wolves to allow wildness to flourish in Britain. We need the courage to leave places like this alone. Let nature do its own thing. Reclaiming wilderness here means joining our own natures with wild nature; tresspassing like I am, and plenty of other people do here; respecting the processes of natural succession, where no management is best management. We must learn not to fear wilderness in our towns, the wildness in ourselves.

## Quick crossword no. 281

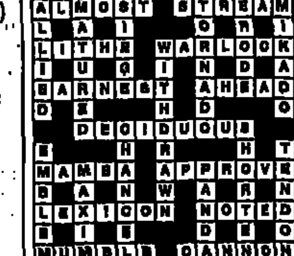
**Across**

1 Crystal-gazer (7-6)
8 A walker — or climber (7)
9 Tine (5)
10 Genuine (4)
11 Mishap (8)
13 Antenna (6)
14 Complete failure (6)
17 Inserted (anag) — the inmate (8)
19 Rainbow — flower — girl (4)
21 Imbecile (5)
22 Resilient (7)
24 Arrogant (4,3,6)

**Down**

1 Distant (3)
2 Destructive behaviour (7)
3 Unsightly (4)
4 Enhance (6)
5 Precisely expressed (8)
6 Not bound — to relax (5)
7 Virtuous (9)
10 Renovate (9)
12 Blood feud (8)
15 Extend — a term of imprisonment (7)
16 Mean (6)
18 A weapon — attached to a rifle? (5)
20 Cab (4)
23 Weep (3)

**Last week's solution**



## Bridge Zia Mahmood

*THERE'S* nothing I hate more than crying about bad luck at the bridge table, because in the long run luck evens out. But every now and again, there's an exception — and as my team lost in the trial to play in the World Championships because of one hateful board, I'm going to tell my own hard luck story.

The match was close when I took out this hand from the board. Perhaps it was an omen that my cards were grouped into suits, even though the pack had just been shuffled and dealt:

♠KQJ10765 ♥4 ♦KJ ♣AJ3

My partner opened the bidding with one heart. Right hand opponent passed, and it all looked very simple. I would bid two spades, then perhaps three spades to confirm the suit as trumps, then use Blackwood and bid six or seven spades depending on the number of aces I found opposite. I put my plan into action, and this was the bidding (see table, below left).

| South | West | North | East |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1♥ | | No |
| 2♠ | No | 3♥ | No |
| 3♠ | No | 4♦ (1) | No |
| 4NT | No | 5♥ | No |
| 6♠ | No | No | No |

(1) A cue bid, agreeing spades as trumps and showing a control in diamonds.

West led the five of clubs and my partner put down a good-looking dummy:

| South | North |
|---|---|
| ♠KQJ10765 | ♠A |
| ♥4 | ♥QJ10976 |
| ♦KJ | ♦A |
| ♣AJ3 | ♣K10862 |

The only apparent problem, the location of the queen of clubs, had been solved by the opening lead. I had seven spade tricks, a couple of diamonds, at least three clubs . . . what could go wrong? I played the two of clubs from dummy and won East's nine with the jack. I played a spade to the ace — and a snag appeared. I had to get back to my hand to draw trumps, and suddenly the contract was at risk. If West's club lead had been a singleton or from a four-card holding, I could not cross to my hand with the ♣A because a defender would ruff it and I would also lose a heart. A better play would be to lead the queen of hearts from dummy. Perhaps the player now void in clubs would have both the ace and king of hearts, in which case the defence could not take both a club ruff and a heart trick. Moreover, if West had a singleton club and the ♥A, East might not realise that he needed to play the ♥K at the third trick in order to give West the killing ruff. Of course, the clubs might be 3-2 anyway — that would be the normal division, after all — but I had a feeling about this hand . . .

Why, I wondered, could North not have produced a small diamond instead of all those clubs? With mounting apprehension I led the queen of hearts from dummy. East won with the king and led a club. West's five of spades sliced into my heart like a dagger, killing the slam and our hopes with it. In the other room the contract was five spades (making six, of course — they always do!) and there was nothing left but to congratulate our opponents and wish them good luck in the next round.





**Motor Racing** Portuguese Grand Prix

# Hill down as Coulthard wins

**Alan Henry at Estoril**

DAMON HILL virtually conceded the 1995 world championship at the weekend after finishing third here in the Portuguese Grand Prix behind Michael Schumacher as his Williams team-mate David Coulthard sped to a maiden victory from pole position.

"I think it's going to take a miracle to win the championship now," said Hill. "We've got one or two things to try but it's looking a bit too far away now to reach."

Schumacher, with 72 points, has now extended his advantage by two points with only four races left, and Hill goes into this weekend's European Grand Prix at Nürburgring 17 points adrift with a maximum of 40 left to score to the end of the series.

Although the race unfolded to leave him running second behind Coulthard with 55 laps completed, his two-stop strategy meant he was on worn tyres as he tried to fend off the fast-closing Schumacher, and the world champion sliced through into second place with a bold piece of late braking into the tight first-gear S-bend on lap 62.

Hill said: "We switched to two-stop strategy [during the race] on the basis that I was stuck behind Michael at that point. It nearly worked, but I couldn't brake late on my worn tyres on that part of the circuit, he caught me napping and that was the end of it."

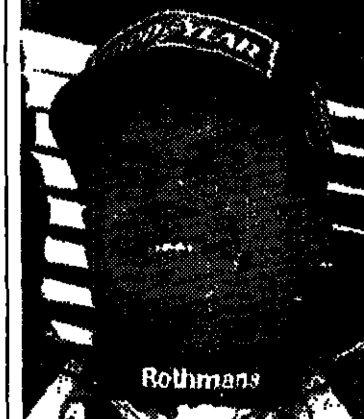
Hill had lost time at his first pit-stop, 18 laps into the 72-lap race, when his Williams was stationary for 16.1sec as the extra fuel was put into the car.

Coulthard, who made three stops, was delighted to have taken his first victory after retiring while leading the previous two races at Spa and Monza. "It was a fantastic feeling," he said. "I've had some near misses, and this is the back end of the season and you can't be sure how competitive different cars will be next year. It was very important to win a race when I had the opportunity."

It was a poignant result for Coulthard and Williams: two months ago the team signed the IndyCar champion Jacques Villeneuve, who has yet to contest a Formula One race, in preference to the Scot for next season. Coulthard is this week expected to be confirmed as a member of the McLaren-Mercedes squad alongside Mika Hakkinen.

The race had been flagged to a halt at the end of the opening lap after a dramatic accident when Ukyo Katayama's Tyrrell collided with the Minardi of Luca Badoer as the pack accelerated away from the starting grid. Katayama's car was launched into the air over Badoer's right front wheel and rolled several times before landing upside-down in the middle of the track.

The Japanese driver was quickly extricated from the wreckage and flown to hospital in Lisbon, where he was being kept for 48 hours for observation on a painful neck.




Coulthard: first GP win

That incident turned out to be crucial for Hill, who had accelerated cleanly away into second place behind Coulthard at the first start. At the second, Schumacher managed to slip between the two Williams to keep Hill bottled up in third place as Coulthard made good his escape.

**Soccer** Premiership Wimbledon 2 Leeds United 4

# Yeboah raises goal standard

**Russell Thomas**

IT WAS one of those extraordinary pauses when the mind cannot register the magnitude of what the eyes have just seen. Then, suddenly, there was glorious confirmation as Tony Yeboah wheeled away to be submerged by Leeds team-mates responding as much in awe as in acclamation of a goal.

The Ghanaian's explosive gifts to English football are reverberating around the land. Wimbledon were just the latest helpless onlookers.

But life is already becoming intolerable, too, for the Premiership's fraternity of expensive strikers. Simply, Yeboah is setting a rarefied goal standard.

He is threatening to render Goal of the Season a one-man competition. With 10 goals to date, featuring two hat-tricks, there should be plenty to choose from. But even the man himself cannot pick from his early-season crop.

Pressed to compare the 25-yard detonation here with his outrageous volley against Liverpool, Yeboah opted for trial by television. He will not be short of opportunity to review the evidence. Saturday's special seems to get better with every viewing.

Yet Yeboah may be saving his thunder. Both those goals were delivered with his "wrong" foot, and it puzzles him. "I'm very surprised that I've scored so many with my right foot, because it's my weaker one. But everything I hit with it is going in."

His manager Howard Wilkinson, searching wearily for superlatives, at first spoke of the "power and precision" of Yeboah's 45th-minute strike at Selhurst Park. Later he likened it to "poetry".

That was not an overblown description as Yeboah rhythmically juggled the ball off his chest and both knees before unleashing his shot past the startled Heald and in off the underside of the crossbar.

This master strike eclipsed Palmer's magnificent 25-yard curling shot and Yeboah's meticulously placed third goal. Joe Kinnear, so critical of his side's concession of five goals in midweek, pointed no accusing finger now. "You can't legislate for great ability," he lamented.

"What Yeboah gives Leeds is a touch of class. They used to be mechanical and predictable, but now they've got someone who is unpredictable."

"Palmer's was the goal of the month until Yeboah scored," said Wilkinson.

# Ruling brings soccer chaos

**Stephen Bates in Luxembourg and John Duncan**

FOOTBALL was thrown into financial turmoil last week with a European Court ruling that threatens to bankrupt half of England's football clubs.

The decision, which will be confirmed by the full court in January, cuts off a vital lifeline for smaller teams by making it illegal for clubs to demand a transfer fee for players who reach the end of their contracts. The ruling arose out of a five-year battle by a disgruntled Belgian footballer, Jean-Marc Bosman, who has refused offers of up to £300,000 to drop his case.

"This is sending the lesser clubs to the wall," said Sam Hammam, the owner of Wimbledon, a Premiership club that has traditionally survived by buying and selling players. "Lesser players will get much less money."

Soccer clubs and senior figures were resigned to the inevitability of football finally having to comply with European law and allowing players to negotiate their own transfers on their own terms.

"We couldn't cover for the loss of transfer fees," said Third Division Scunthorpe's chief executive, Don Rowing. "It would mean basically that unless we had a benefactor prepared to shovel in £150,000-£200,000 a year then I'm afraid we would be in danger of going to the wall."

The upheaval, which is likely to change the financial structure of soccer across Europe, comes because RFC Liege refused to let Bosman transfer to another club at the end of his contract despite cutting his wages by three-quarters. Though Bosman wanted to leave to join Dunkerque they could not afford the transfer fee and the deal fell through.

Bosman, aged 30, who has sacrificed his career and was blacklisted by Belgian clubs during a lengthy legal battle for compensation, looked bemused as he was submerged by TV crews, while his jubilant lawyers claimed a triumph. One of them, Jean-Louis Dupont, said: "It is a 100 per cent victory. We feel good because it has been a long fight."

Reaction was more muted in England, where Liverpool recently spent a record £8.5 million on one player, Stan Collymore, and £90 million changed hands in transfer deals last season. Many small clubs, who rely on breeding and developing young or raw talent to sell at a profit, fear they will be pushed towards bankruptcy.

The advice given to the court by Carl Otto Lenz, the German Advocate General, in a legal opinion running to more than 120 pages, was that clubs should be prohibited from preventing the transfer — or receiving money — for a player whose contract has expired and that national and international associations should not be allowed to limit the number of foreign-born players turning out for a team.

Court sources suggested it would be all but impossible for the judges to go against the Advocate General's advice in such a high-profile case.

**Sports Diary** Shiv Sharma

# A split decision

A THREAT by top English clubs to break away presents the Rugby Football Union with potentially the biggest split in its ranks for a century. Taking their lead from Welsh clubs, which formed a commercial company in August, the English clubs are to set up working parties to look into doing the same thing.

The top League One clubs refuse to take part in the work of the special RFU commission set up last month to shape the future of the game and have passed a vote of no confidence in the six-man commission because, they say, the RFU failed to keep its promise to consult them in the wake of the International Board's recent decision to open the door to professionalism.

In Australia, members of the breakaway Super League successfully challenged the selectors' policy to ignore them. Five players from Canberra Raiders won court approval of their right to be selected for the country's 25-man World Cup squad. However, when the team was announced none of them had been included.

AS one of the most glorious, sun-drenched cricketing summers rain-dripped to a close last week, Warwickshire were looking back with satisfaction at their achievements. They won two of the game's four competitions and missed winning the third one narrowly.

Here's a recap of who won what. Britannic Assurance County Championship: 1, Warwickshire (£55,000); 2, Middlesex (£27,500); 3, Northamptonshire (£15,000). NatWest Trophy: Warwickshire (£35,000) beat Northamptonshire (£17,500) in the final. Benson & Hedges Cup: Lancashire (£35,000) beat Kent (£17,500) in the final. AXA Equity and Law League: 1, Kent (£35,000); 2, Warwickshire (£17,500); 3, Worcestershire (£8,750).

Mark Ramprakash of Middlesex and Derbyshire's Dominic Cork picked up £10,000 each for finishing top of the 1995 Whyte and Mackay batting and bowling rankings respectively.

THE first leg of the second round of the Coca-Cola Cup in midweek provided big shocks for some of the Premiership clubs. The biggest came at Old Trafford, where Manchester United were humiliated 3-0 by Second Division strugglers York City. Manager Alex Ferguson is planning to bring out all the big guns in the return match and, with Eric Cantona and Roy Keane back in action, hopes to overturn the goal deficit.

Also humbled were Nottingham Forest, which went down 2-3 to another Second Division club, Bradford City. Wimbledon lost 4-5 to Charlton in a thriller, while Manchester City could only draw 0-0 against Second Division Wycombe. Liverpool, Newcastle, Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers and Southampton crossed the hurdle with ease.

In Scotland, where the Scottish Cola-Cola Cup reached the quarter-final stages, Rangers beat Celtic 1-0 and Aberdeen triumphed over Motherwell 2-1 to reach the last four. The other two teams in the semi-finals are Airdrie and Dundee, which won after penalty shoot-outs against Partick and Hearts.

There was no shortage of goals in the Premiership matches at the weekend. Fowler's four for Liverpool left Bolton Wanderers wondering, Shearer's three for Blackburn against Coventry were sheer magic, and Yeboah led the Leeds assault against Wimbledon by finding the net three times. Bergkamp, Arsenal's Dutch import, opened his account for the London club with a couple against Southampton.

AMERICAN tennis player Jeff Tarango, suspended for three weeks and fined £13,300 for accusing a Wimbledon official of favouritism, has had both penalties reduced on appeal. His suspension was reduced to two weeks and ATP chief Mark Miles said the fine would be held in abeyance and rescinded in six months if Tarango stays out of trouble. The ITF also fined the player £18,800 and banned him from two Grand Slams.

JOE BUGNER, a 45-year-old grandfather, has become Australia's heavyweight boxing champion. Bugner, former holder of the British, Commonwealth and European titles, took the Australian crown after a unanimous points victory over Vince Cervi in the 12-round contest.

THE European 400m hurdles champion, Oleg Tverdokhleb, of the Ukraine, was killed when lightning struck him as he was walking near his mother's home in Dnepropetrovsk. Tverdokhleb, aged 25, was regarded as a leading contender for the Olympic title next year. Parvaz Mirza, Worcestershire's 24-year-old fast bowler, was another sporting fatality. He died from a suspected heart attack at home in Birmingham.

IN 1994, soccer's early season jokes were on Everton. This year the spotlight has shifted to Manchester City, anchored firmly to the bottom of the Premiership. So, what's the difference between Manchester City and a lift? A lift doesn't take seven months to go down.